The Outlook

Volume 142 January 6, 1926 Number 1

The Vigor in Prohibition

THE Prohibition Law apparently is in no danger at the hands of Congress, and enforcement of the law, quite apparently, is more vigorous, more intelligent, and more effective than it has ever been before.

The indication that the Prohibition Law is not to be tampered with at this session of Congress, at least, is in the action taken by the House of Representatives on an amendment to the Appropriation Bill, introduced by Representative Tucker, of Virginia, to prevent resort to "fraud, deceit, or falsehood" in securing evidence against traffickers in illicit liquor. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 139 to 17. While the author of the amendment is a "dry," the "wets" generally would have been glad to see the amendment adopted. It was generally understood that, while the wording of the amendment directed it only against practices with ugly names, the effect of it would have been to prevent all under-cover investigation, and that, as Representative Lineberger expressed it, "Congress might as well repeal the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment as to approve the proposal."

The incident out of which the Tucker Amendment grew was the Hotel Mayflower case, in which prohibition agents spent about $1,000 on parties set as traps. Two hotel employees were caught, but later released. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews has notified all of his subordinates that such reckless expenditures must cease or those responsible must take the consequence of immediate separation from the service. He made occasion to say, however, that under-cover investigation properly conducted affords the surest means of breaking up the illicit liquor industry.

Indications are numerous of the vigor and effectiveness of enforcement under General Andrews. Reports recently received from several districts show a tremendous cutting down of alcohol which is potential bootleg booze. In a single district enforcement activities "took out of the bootleg industry," in the words of General Andrews, "intoxicants that might have been manufactured into 1,163,200 gallons of fake whisky."

Regulations have been adopted in various places which cannot be otherwise than effective in preventing illicit manufacture. In Chicago, for instance, no non-alcoholic beer permit is to be granted to a plant surrounded by a fence that obstructs the view, and permits already issued to such plants are to be revoked unless the fences are reconstructed of slats sufficiently far apart to offer no means of concealment.

Perhaps the most significant recent development is the opening of negotiations for a liquor treaty with Cuba, which would give enforcement officials a free hand in the area between the island and the Florida keys.

A Concession to the Farmers

IS it possible that we actually are beholding the glorious spectacle of team-work in Governmental affairs at Washington—team-work not merely between House and Senate and between Democrats and Republicans in each, but between the legislative and the executive branches of the Government?

Undoubtedly, there is a prevalent spirit of accommodation. Some mention has been made in these columns of the non-partisan miracle of the Tax Bill and of the probable success of a non-partisan Muscle Shoals plan. Congress, and the parties and the factions of parties in Congress, have made concessions. There are indications now that the Executive branch is about to do the like.

The Administration has been vigorously opposed to anything approaching Government handling of farm products, and has not, therefore, looked with favor on the export corporation plan. President Coolidge made the Administration position clear in his Message and in his speech before the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago. Secretary of Agriculture Jardine has elaborated it in a number of statements. Finally, he expressed it in detail in the bill, which in general discussion bears his name, for governmental encouragement of co-operative marketing. It has become apparent, however, that many farm organizations as well as many members of Congress, both Republicans and Democrats, do not believe that the Administration plan, good as they concede it is, goes far enough to afford adequate relief, and that some method of disposing of surpluses must be devised.

The Administration is reconsidering its position. Secretary Jardine has announced that he is about to call a conference to ascertain what can be done with regard to legislation for the disposal of farm surpluses. It may be taken for granted that the Administration will never favor putting the Government in the business of exporting agricultural products, but it does appear probable that, as a result of the spirit of concession and accommodation, a plan may be worked out which will go further than the Administration originally intended to go without going to the dangerous lengths that Congress might have done if the Administration had "stood pat."

It is too much to hope that out of the disorganization so long prevalent perfect team-work can be obtained at once. But, thus early in the session, there are evidences of a mind toward team-work which has been almost wholly lacking in the past.

Busy Congress

THE bills for the relief of agriculture —there will be four or five of them with similar objects—are likely to be under discussion within the first fifteen days after the Christmas recess. The House, however, will have its hands full of appropriation bills, and the Senate will be quite fully occupied with the Tax Bill and the World Court protocol during that period. The real show-down on the agricultural measure that is to succeed—if any one of them is—will probably not come until well on toward March, when the efforts at accommodation will have had time to flower and bear fruit.

Meanwhile the House will concern itself, aside from appropriations, with a number of questions on which there is likely to be provocation to division and factionalism. Not less than fifteen bills

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dealing with the coal situation are to be considered. The $165,000,000 Public Buildings Bill will be under consideration. Railroad consolidation, if the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee does what is expected of it, will be discussed. Indications are that it will be hotly discussed from both sides.

In the Senate, too, there will be other provocatives to disunion than the World Court debate. The foreign debts settlements will be under discussion, and there is a threat of that terrible, if not very effective, inquisition known as a Senate investigation. Reed, of Missouri, thinks, or says in a resolution that he does, that European money has been used to influence the action of the United States in regard to these settlements, and he wants an investigation to determine how much and from whom. Probably he will not get it, but he and those who stand with him very likely will get the opportunity to uproar the peace of the Senate—which, after all, may be what they want.

There are indications, too, that Congress may attempt a type of legislation somewhat new or, at least, for a long time in disuse. Something is likely to be attempted in the way of curbing foreign manipulation of prices of essential products. Of the products likely to be considered, rubber is the most important, but coffee, potash, silk, and wood pulp are on the list.

The Rubber Apple of Discord

WHILE the prices that American consumers pay for rubber is undoubtedly much too high, the wisdom of Congressional action designed to bring them down is open to serious question. In the first place, there does not appear to be much that Congress can do, and the little that it might do either cannot be made to cut at all or is likely to cut both ways. Congress might enact retaliatory measures, but they would be subject to the danger of breeding international ill will. Congress might enact a law prohibiting the lending of American money to monopolistic concerns or monopolistic countries, but there is serious question as to the constitutionality of any such law. Beyond those two things, Congress can hardly do anything more than to investigate and report.

There is, of course, one other thing that Congress might do, but that thing it does not appear to be considering in any constructive fashion. Congress might do something toward giving stability to rubber production in the Philippines and elsewhere. True, such action would not augment the supply of crude rubber for six or seven years—the period that must elapse before a rubber plantation can come into production—but there might be an immediate result from the effect that such action by this Government would have on the governments of the large rubber-producing countries. Some Congressional encouragement might be given also to research in the development of rubber substitutes.

On the whole, however, the best promise for relief from the rubber monopolies lies along the line of trade agreements, and for the negotiation of these the Department of Commerce is a much better agency than Congress. Secretary Hoover is actively interested in finding relief for rubber users. He has inaugurated a campaign for the prevention of waste, particularly in automobile tires, which promises to conserve a great deal of old rubber. He has suggested, too, a unified program of American buying to meet the consolidated effort of foreign sellers. And Congress, if it acts wisely, may be able through permissive legislation to assist in the carrying out of this program.

Two Rivers—and Congress

THE Rules Committee of the House is undertaking to duplicate the non-partisan achievement of the Ways and Means Committee in drafting and pushing through to speedy passage the Tax Bill. Final disposition of Muscle Shoals is the object of the effort, and Representative Snell, of New York, Chairman of the Committee, is the prime mover. The division over Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River, has never been strictly along Republican-Democratic lines, and Mr. Snell believes that the only way to dispose of the troublesome question is by agreement of the dominant Republican and Democratic factions. He announces his personal willingness to concede practically anything that the Democrats want if they will agree to the creation of a commission with full power to dispose of Muscle Shoals without further Congressional action.

The Muscle Shoals issue has been dragged up and down the Capitol stairs and trailed across the doorstep of the White House until it is worn out. Perhaps most persons concerned have labored under the misapprehension that Muscle Shoals as a source of powe en, much more important than it actuall ica- The President said something to effect in his Message. The Commis ent which he appointed to study the sit tion had ascertained the fact. It ha pened that this Commission went Muscle Shoals during the height of t most devastating drought experienced that section of the country since weath records have been kept. The result w the discovery that, instead of the millio of horse-power so long talked of, Mus Shoals cannot be depended upon to pr duce at all times more than 100,000 co stant horse-power. Of course it cou produce more than that during t greater part of the time, but it is t minimum, rather than the maximu production capacity that determines, a sense, the measure of usefulness.

The findings of the Commission o this point have had their effect on C gress. So, too, has the Colorado Ri development project, now coming to front. It appears to be a fact that proposed Boulder Dam would creat minimum constant capacity of 600,(horse-power. Not only members of C gress, but the rival contenders for use of the power of Muscle Shoals perhaps, beginning to realize that end dog-in-the-manger tactics over Mus Shoals are hardly worth while when e greater power may be available elsewh

Still, there is no denying—and no position to deny—the real importanc Muscle Shoals as a power source. equipment there is already, for the m part, installed and in working order. is located in a region of consider industrial importance—a region that, cording to Secretary of Commerce H ver, is better "hooked-up" than other in the country for a general i change of current under the super-p system. Muscle Shoals is important, it is not so supremely important as once thought. The Rules Commi therefore, may have the better chan equaling the non-partisan achiever of the Ways and Means Committee.

New Allies for Dawes

WHAT an opportunity Senator R Democrat, of Missouri, ha launch an investigation against the V President for the bringing of impr influence to bear in his crusade for revision of the Senate rules!

Vice-President Dawes took the Senate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thou hast no cause to fear

(Richard II, Act V, Scene 3)

T. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

opyright, 1925, New York Tribune Inc.

Damming the flood

om D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Albert T. Reid for the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1925, The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

If there is any League of Nations hiding in this Trojan horse we are going to know it

Rollin Kirby in the New York World

Irreconcilable: "You'll never come out alive"

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

"Now, ain't it aggravatin'!

From Mrs. L. J. Morgan, Union City, Tenn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pages to dinner in the Senate dining-room. He, the Vice-President, paid for the dinner. And they, the pages, ate the dinner. And are not they, the pages aforesaid, persons in positions of honor and profit and influence, in constant and close touch with those august personages, the Senators, who may be by those polluted pages themselves so contaminated as to vote for the revision of their own sacred rules?

Does not the very resolution adopted by the pages themselves, while in that state of repletion which precludes swallowing but permits of a little chewing—does not that very resolution prove that the pages were improperly influenced? They indorsed the revision of the rules proposed by Dawes, but in what language they did it! "Resolved," reads the resolution, "that if cloture means less talk and more eats"—Don't you see? Plainly, here is praise for Dawes, who provided the "eats," and, just as plainly, a back-hand slap at the Senators, who provide the talk. They did not commit themselves too far. They ratified the Dawes revision—but with reservations.

Really, they displayed exceptionally good sense, those pages. They "kidded" the situation—took it lightly, as it should have been meant to be taken. The pages, a pipe, and a poem! They gave him the pipe. They read him the poem. But to that program the Vice-President added history and prophecy. He told those pages how and why the Reparations Commission adopted the Dawes Plan. That of his past. Then he told them that the Senate has, by its rules, amended the Constitution of the United States, that the procedure is un-American, and that "I am going to go through with the matter." That of his future.

Does not the Vice-President owe it to his party and to his country to refrain from making opportunities such as that for the Jim Reeds and the Pat Harrisons?

Innovations and Sensations

With Congress in recess after going so serenely along for three weeks—even the World Court debate lacks the high voltage that was expected—and with the Mitchell case in the trough between two mountains of emotion, Washington is suffering temporarily for lack of sensations of the first magnitude. It has, however, several sensations of lesser magnitude, and, at a pinch, Washington can make a small sensation serve all the purposes of a catastrophe.

Army men have been aghast at what Mitchellism would do to the Army if it could. But there is more genuine consternation, if not in Army circles strictly, then certainly in Army-admiring circles, over Secretary Davis's new uniform regulations than there ever has been over the prospect of the worst that Mitchell could do.

Every Army officer must have lapels put on his service coat! No longer will the tight thing around the neck, its corners punching holes in the throat, be worn—no longer, that is, than the tailors can turn out a sufficient supply of turn-downs. Secretary Davis has done what the World War could not do—he has put common sense into the American Army uniform.

Now there is innovation. What

P. & A. Photos

Vice-President Charles G. Dawes

Mitchell proposed would have be by comparison, mild-mannered modifi tion.

But civil servants of the Governm manage, most times, to get their sensations, hardly less pronounced than those of the military servants. The newest one comes from the fact that the Smithsonian Institution is at last, after decades of investigation and years of bickering, ready to issue long-range weather forecasts based on variations in solar radiation.

And those who are neither civil nor military servants of the Government, but real Washingtonians who own the buildings and pay the property taxes, are having their sensation also—two of them, to be exact, but of somewhat kindred nature. Colonel C. O. Sherrill, on the eve of giving up the position of Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds for the District of Columbia to accept the City Managership of Cincinnati, issued a statement in which he said that many of the buildings in which Government offices are housed are about to fall down and that the lives of employees are constantly endangered. The other part of the sensation for the residents has to do with the condition of the streets. Commissioner Cuno H. Rudolph recently declared that there is hardly a block of street paving in Washington but that should have been discarded and replaced years ago, and the American Automobile Association is demanding to be shown what was done with the revenues supposed to have been raised during those years for street improvement.

Who is to pay for replacements—the residents of the District of Columbia or the people of the United States? That is the heart of the sensation for the permanent residents. It recurs with each new session of Congress.

Exit General Butler

Smedley D. Butler, Brigadier-General of Marines, is no longer in Philadelphia—officially. Good citizens there are going to miss their daily thrills, and highwaymen, bootleggers, and the lawless generally are beginning to take long breaths. Before many days the spectacular but efficient Director of Public Safety will be in command of the important Marine base at San Diego. His departure was no less astonishing than his arrival.

Hold-ups and burglaries he reduced to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a comparatively small number and enormously increased the number of arrests for infractions of the Prohibition Law. If his campaign to end the notorious wetness of Philadelphia largely failed, it is because of the antagonistic attitude of the magistrates in general. In his attempt to enforce a law objectionable to a noisy minority he had real and emphatic popular support.

Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick, himself a product of Philadelphia's political machine, stood between the General and the bosses.

There is no doubt that Mr. Kendrick wished to make a good record. When the General, however, produced evidence seeming to involve two or three of Philadelphia's largest hotels, the Mayor, as the General put it, found himself in a "jam." He needed, of course, on the one hand, the support of the great mass of Philadelphia's voting population who live in two-story houses, and whose hero was General Butler; but, on the other hand, with the proposal to padlock big hotels he was confronted with some very powerful financial interests. The Mayor was between two millstones. Curiously enough, it was the General himself who provided him with a way to slip out.

It was a poor enough way, to be sure, one that is lined with political perils. Believing that the Mayor wished him to remain in Philadelphia two years longer, in spite of their several open disagreements, the General, whose two-year leave of absence from the Marines was nearing its end, wrote a resignation from the Marine Corps and sent it to Washington. The Mayor, seizing this as a Heaven-sent opportunity, promptly dismissed the General, declaring that he did not want a "resigned officer" in charge of the police. What this amazing statement means no one has explained.

The General, who has a disconcerting way of saying what he thinks, immediately put down a regular barrage. If he publishes his diary of the last two years, as he proposes, there may well follow the downfall of several notable politicians.

In fairness to the Mayor, it should be recorded that he has appointed as General Butler's successor George W. Elliott, whom General Butler had chosen and trained as Assistant Director of Public Safety, and that he has retained in the direct command of the police Superintendent Mills, another appointee of General Butler's.

(C) Underwood

General Smedley D. Butler

Two conclusions can be drawn from the record of General Butler in Philadelphia. One is that a determined and incorruptible Chief of Police can enforce, not only ordinary law and order, but the Prohibition Law, if he has the decent backing of the courts. The other is that if a politician does not want a job to be done thoroughly, honestly, and to the limit, he had better not ask a Marine to do it.

Wilson's Birthday

If Woodrow Wilson had lived, he would have been sixty-nine years old on Monday of last week. In more than five hundred towns and cities of this country and in several foreign lands there were gatherings on that day to do honor to his memory and to expound and uphold his ideals. Probably the most noteworthy of these assemblies was that of about one thousand men and women who sat down to dinner together at the Hotel Astor in New York.

After speeches by Norman H. Davis, former Under-Secretary of State in the Wilson Administration, who presided, Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, and Dr. Robert Norwood, the new rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, the diners at New York saw a spotlight directed to one side of the ballroom and in its glare the entering figure of Ignace Jan Paderewski. Introduced as the greatest of living pianists and a genius as a statesman, the former Prime Minister of Poland delivered an eloquent and genuine tribute to the late President of the United States, with whom he had been associated during the Paris Peace Conference. He explicitly disclaimed any purpose of discussing American political issues, but he declared that Woodrow Wilson belonged not only to America but to the world. Especially, said Mr. Paderewski, Poland could never forget the man who had lifted her into independence.

To Woodrow Wilson he ascribed virtually all that was hopeful in the present situation in Europe. He took as an example the pact of Locarno. This, he said, he had heard described as the greatest event since the Armistice. From this view of Locarno he expressed strong dissent. The achievement at Locarno, he believed, consisted in the admission of Germany into the League of Nations. Suppose, argued Mr. Paderewski, that a great medical scientist had discovered a cure for tuberculosis, and that a great majority of other medical scientists had accepted the cure as authentic, but that a few eminent medical men had withheld their approval. Suppose then that one of the most important of these dissenters, perhaps because he himself was a victim of this disease and sought the cure for himself, accepted the judgment of the majority. Would we say that the conversion of this one medical man was more important than the discovery itself?

Mr. Paderewski's argument was based on the assumption that the significant fact at Locarno was the admission of Germany into the League of Nations, which would settle, according to its Covenant, any possible dispute between Germany and other Powers. Acceptance of Mr. Paderewski's conclusion rests upon the acceptance of his assumption. To others there seem to have been greater achievements at Locarno than that which Mr. Paderewski mentioned.

The Disservice of Praise

Along with the praise of Woodrow Wilson at the New York celebration there was both expressed and implied deep resentment against those who had opposed his policy. Indeed, the statement at that dinner which evoked the loudest and most lasting applause

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that of Dr. Norwood in which he spoke of the Republican Party as being guilty in dealing with the integrity of Woodrow Wilson's soul.

No mention was made by any one on this occasion of any of Mr. Wilson's domestic policies. It was solely his doctrines in international affairs that the speakers discussed. In the sphere of world politics he was extolled as one who had caught the vision of ultimate world peace and brotherhood.

There is danger to the future historic position of any man in untempered praise. For many years Washington ceased to be a human being because the really human man that he was had been plastered over with the ideas of those who thought they were doing him honor. And any public man whose words are treated as Scripture to be cited in proof of some doctrine will be sure to suffer, as Lincoln has suffered, through injury to his real and lasting influence. Admirers of any American leader, be it Wilson, or Roosevelt, or any other man, can best serve his memory by keeping him human.

Masonry and Catholicism

HERE is a reply to a Catholic critic of Don C. Seitz's article on "Jews, Catholics, and Protestants." The critic, John F. Gilroy, said in a letter which we published in our issue of December 16: "We have the kindest feelings towards the Masons, we look on many of them as our best friends and differ from them only in religion. Many times have I heard in Catholic clubs, Knights of Columbus councils, and Holy Name Societies the Masons referred to as our separate brothers. Is there anything unfriendly in that?"

Another correspondent in Cleveland wonders how this statement by Mr. Gilroy can be squared with a news item which he found in the "New Age," a monthly magazine issued to Scottish Rite Masons in the Southern jurisdiction. The item as quoted by him reads:

> Knights of Columbus and Masons Don't Mix:—The sudden collapse of the Hamilton-Jefferson movement carries lessons that all may discern. It will be remembered that a few months ago a group of Masons and Knights of Columbus in Utica, N. Y., organized this society to be composed of Masons and Roman Catholics, fifty-fifty, to combat bigotry, so it was explained, and to promote fraternity among American citizens of all creeds. The organization attracted much newspaper attention because it was asserted that Elihu Root was deeply interested in it. Newspaper editorials all over the nation hailed the new association with encomiums upon the beauties of toleration and brotherly love.
>
> But the auspicious beginning became clouded and the whole project came to grief when the hierarchy of the Church made known its unmitigated disapproval.
>
> Cardinal O'Connell's official organ, "The Pilot," Boston, denounced the whole proceeding as a "contemptible compromising of eternal, essential principles." Said the editorial: "Cheap fraternizing with Freemasonry on the part of Catholics is tantamount to unmanly and unworthy compromise of their precious Christian heritage. Such fraternizing should cease."
>
> The responsibility for this spectacular fiasco rests wholly with the hierarchy. The movement, so we were informed, originated with and was sponsored by Roman Catholics, both the president and secretary being members of the Knights of Columbus. So it cannot be said that the Masons were laying some deep conspiracy to entrap the credulous Romanists. The initiative was wholly Catholic.

It looks as if there had been a disagreement in policy between Catholics who understand our American ideals and Catholics who believe that the interests of their Church should be paramount. The liberal Catholics seem to have lost out in the contest. Cardinal O'Connell seems to be doing all that he can to force America to answer "no" to the frequent question, "Will America ever elect a Catholic President?"

A Bonus for Delay

A LOCOMOTIVE engineer in our issue of December 23 gave a graphic account of the abuse of the principle of overtime pay by the crews of freight trains. He showed distinctly the great burden which this system of payment laid upon the shoulders of both the railroads and the shippers. Comments which the President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway system makes upon this article ought to be of great interest to business men. He writes:

> On the whole Mr. Leonard presents the facts very clearly and forcibly. It should be pointed out, however, that the time-and-a-half basis of pay for overtime in road freight service is one of the things foisted on the roads during the period of Federal control which they would be very glad to shake off if they could. It is our feeling, however, that nothing short of a Nation-wide strike or the force of a uniformly aroused public opinion will ever accomplish anything in this direction; and until this method of compensation is done away with it seems to us that a bonus payment for saving time on an established schedule, as suggested by Mr. Leonard, will not be worth while, for the reason that it is so much easier to slow up than speed up. In other words, so long as there remains any form of bonus payment for indifferent work there is little or no incentive for expediting the movement.

Mr. Mills C. Leonard, who runs a locomotive for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. William B. Story, who runs the whole Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé system, seem to agree as to the existence of an evil. Can the railroads and the public be aroused to the point of forcing the evil to be remedied?

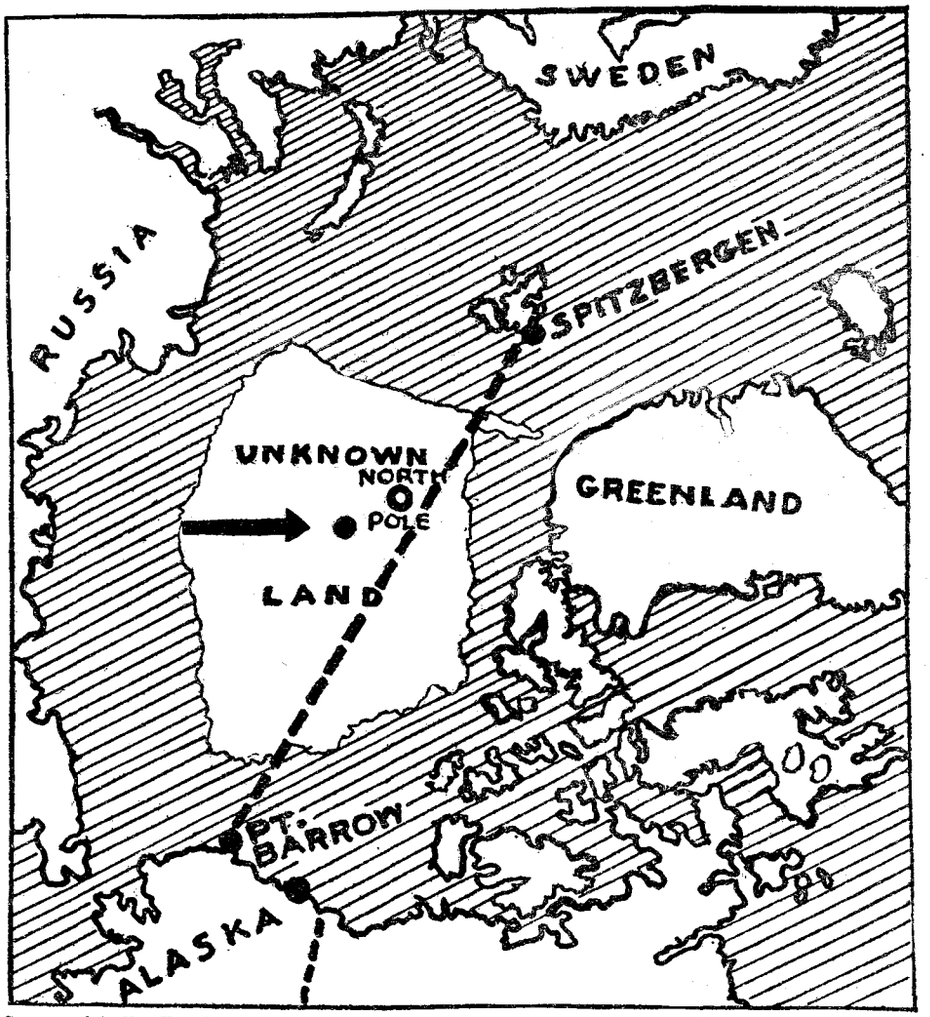
Airplanes and the Arctic

THERE is a point in the Arctic regions which is farther removed than any other point from each and all places accessible to ships. To this point no adventurer has attained or tried to attain. It has been called (not very exactly, we think) a Pole, and Stefansson describes it as the Pole of Relative Inaccessibility. This point is 84° north and 160° west, but in the days of Arctic exploration by ship and sledge it was far more difficult to reach or to retreat from than the North Pole at 90° latitude, no longitude.

Now the airplane has changed the situation. The distance from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen across the vast area of ice and possibly land in the midst of which exists this geographical and purely mathematical Pole is no greater than that from Newfoundland to Ireland, traversed six years ago by Alcock in an airplane, about 1,900 miles. Since then, it need not be said, the improvement in airplanes and air engines has been notable. Stefansson and other experts think the flight quite feasible, and believe also that there would be a good chance of discovering land and getting valuable geographical data.

An experienced Australian aviator and explorer, Captain George Wilkins, who has made some remarkable flights, will head the expedition. He hopes to fly two large planes carrying supplies from Fairbanks, the Alaskan railway terminus, to Point Barrow, his long-distance starting-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy of the New York "Herald Tribune"

"The inaccessible Pole"

point. Captain Wilkins's confidence in what seems to laymen a desperate venture is seen in his statement, "Our flight will be made with the understanding that if our plane fails to reach Spitzbergen or return to Point Barrow, no rescue expedition will be sent out for at least two years." This means, doubtless, that it is thought possible to make landings and in case of need to subsist as the Eskimos do. The MacMillan expedition did not find it easy to make ice landings.

The enterprise is sponsored and managed by the American Geographical Society, the Detroit Aviation Society, and the North American Newspaper Alliance. The fact that Mr. Henry Ford's general manager, Mr. William B. Mayo, is the head of the expedition's Board of Control is generally taken as an indication that Mr. Ford is backing the attempt financially. President Coolidge has written a letter expressing keen personal interest and remarking that "the importance to commercial aviation and the possible development of air routes across the Arctic region make the proposed enterprise of particular value."

Japan in Manchuria

JAPAN has again emphasized her policy of maintaining a special position in Manchuria. By reinforcing her garrison at Mukden and assuming control in the capital city and strengthening her guards along the South Manchurian Railway she practically intervened in the civil war between Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Military Governor of the three Manchurian provinces, and General Kuo Sung-lin, who was challenging his power with some apparent chances of success. The Japanese authorities warned the leaders to keep the fighting at least six miles from Mukden. Japan's moves are reported to have checked plans for a revolt against Chang at Mukden and to have cut his opponents off from possible bases of supply, and so to have contributed to the defeat of Kuo, who was captured, tortured, and killed.

Japan has the technical right, under the Portsmouth Treaty, which ended her war with Russia, to bring her garrison at Mukden up to 15,000 men. She also contends that her action was based on requests from the foreign consuls in Mukden to keep order in the city. Nevertheless it has further significance in her economic interests.

Japan controls the South Manchurian Railway from Changchun, in central Manchuria, to the port of Dairen (formerly the Russian Dalny). The main line and branches make altogether about seven hundred miles. A great part of it has been built up under Japanese organization. The Japanese have opened up deposits of coal never before touched and have been reported to be mining at the rate of ten million tons a year, with modern electrical machinery and transport. In addition, all along the lines of the South Manchurian Railway the Japanese have established industries, such as soy-bean mills, textile mills, and a steel foundry. South Manchuria has become agriculturally and industrially more prosperous. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese farmers and laborers have migrated and settled there, but comparatively few Japanese. Japan has been concerned in Manchuria, not as a field for colonization, but as a means of contributing to the support of her crowded population at home.

A new branch of the South Manchurian system has been under construction, from Taonanfu, in central western Manchuria, to Tsitsikar, a station on the Chinese Eastern Railway, built through northern Manchuria by Russia. This new branch was started under agreement with the Government of Fengtien Province—that is to say, with Chang Tso-lin; and, it was reported, the South Manchurian Railway advanced 18,800,000 yen for the construction, to bear interest at the rate of 9½ per cent, and that the principal materials were to be purchased in Japan. This line, upon completion, would come into competition for traffic from northern Manchuria with the Chinese Eastern Railway, in which Russia is interested. It would have the advantage of providing a direct route to the ice-free port of Dairen, one hundred miles shorter than the present route over the Chinese Eastern line by way of Harbin, and without the necessity of transshipment of goods at Changchun from the Chinese Eastern to the South Manchurian line, now due to the difference of gauge between the two lines. The prospect that completion of the new Japanese-controlled branch from Taonanfu to Tsitsikar will cut into the business of the Russian-built line already has caused

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some tension in Japanese relations with Russia. Japan's action at Mukden is in line with her intention to carry through her railway program in Manchuria, arranged with the Government of Chang Tso-lin.

The position she has assumed, involving further conflict with national sentiment in China and at the same time complications with Russia, is likely to tend to unify their policy in opposition to Japan.

A Painter of War-Ships

HENRY REUTERDAHL, who died in Washington shortly before Christmas, was buried with military honors in Arlington Cemetery, as was his right, for he had served as a lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserves.

Reuterdahl's strongest claim to public esteem, however, was through his remarkable paintings of naval vessels at sea. One such picture, that of the Georgia, with her guns in action, long since scrapped, is here reproduced from an article written by Mr. Reuterdahl for The Outlook years ago. In his own chosen sphere of marine painting he had no equal. Many of his works are at the Naval Academy, and mural decorations from his brush were placed in several war-ships.

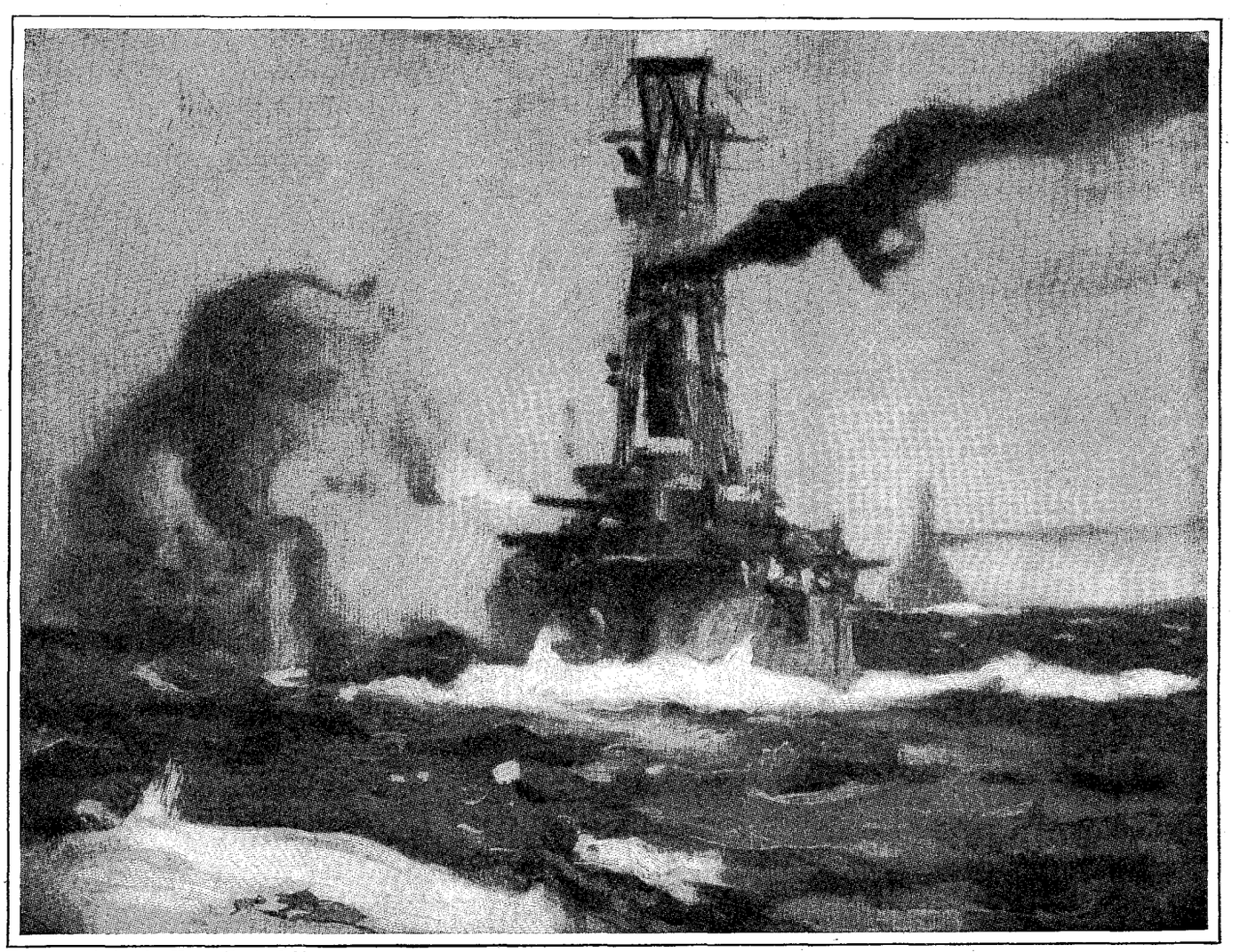
There was a patriotic and heroic spirit in his work which pervaded also his special correspondence in the Spanish War and which prompted him to write special articles on the duty of providing naval defense and for the better understanding by the people of navy men and naval affairs. Several of these articles appeared in The Outlook.

From Forty Dollars to Forty Million

FRANK ANDREW MUNSEY'S life may be outlined briefly. Native of Maine, at twenty-eight years of age he arrived in New York with forty dollars, spent three years in getting a magazine started, spent the remaining forty years of his life in creating and demolishing periodicals and newspapers, and died possessed of a fortune estimated at forty million dollars. It was the life of an ambitious man.

In the newspaper world Mr. Munsey will be remembered chiefly as a destroyer. In succession there died at his hands the New York "Continent," the New York "Daily News," the Philadelphia "Evening Times," the New York "Press," the Baltimore "Star," the New York "Sun," the New York "Globe and Commercial Advertiser," the New York "Evening Mail," and the New York "Herald." The names of the "Sun" and the "Herald" still remain, the one as a new name of the former "Evening Sun" and the latter as a heading on the New York "Tribune," but the newspapers that those names once represented are as dead as any of the rest.

In this work of devastation Mr. Munsey believed he was doing a service for journalism. "There is no business," he once wrote, "that cries so loud for organization and combination as that of newspaper publishing." His ideal, which



From a painting by Henry Reuterdahl

A battleship on the range

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

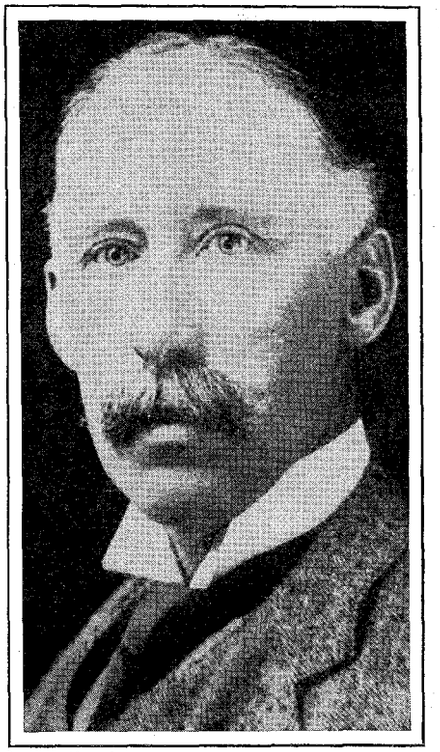
he never realized, was a chain of newspapers under a single control, supporting a veritable faculty of writers, each writing for all, with "a $100,000 or $200,000 a year man at the head of the editorial force and another God-made genius in charge of the business end." If Mr. Munsey's view that publishing is primarily a business for profit, and that struggling journals whose only claim to existence is that they preserve variety and freedom in the expression of public opinion are an unnecessary waste, then his estimate of his own service was quite modest.

On another page in this issue Don C. Seitz describes in none too vigorous language the moral effect of the prevalence of this view of the press as a business rather than a profession and the danger with which it threatens the Republic. It is by coincidence, not by design, that as we are called upon to comment upon the death of this notable newspaperman we present through Mr. Seitz's article the question whether newspapermen are going to abandon their leadership in the pursuit of money.

In war we have learned that liberty cannot be won except under leadership. What is true in war is equally true in peace. Self-government requires free and fearless spokesmen of public opinion. If the press does not supply those spokesmen, who will?

Mr. Munsey was not oblivious of his responsibility in the expression of views on public questions. Although a believer in party organization, he was free from the spirit of subserviency to party organizations. He showed this at the time of his revolt against the Republican bosses in 1912 and became a strong and valued supporter of Theodore Roosevelt. He was not, however, primarily a leader of public opinion. He was too naïve and impulsive in his views. Mr. Roosevelt, in tribute to his courage and activity, used to refer to him as the "wild ass of the desert"—a term that was not without its implication of admiration and friendliness, but could not have been applied to a steady directing force. Mr. Munsey showed his independence during the last campaign in New York State, when as a Republican he heartily supported the Democratic Governor, Mr. Smith, in support of the measures for the reorganization of the State Government and provision for certain public needs.

If the press is to lead, of course it must live, and it will always require the services of men who have ability as business executives; but, though it may live, it will not lead unless those who control the press regard their vocation in the spirit in which the physician regards his practice of medicine—as primarily a public service. If the American people are to keep free the channels of public opinion, they must support journals which Mr. Munsey would have thought it a virtue to do away with.



International

Frank A. Munsey

Who died on December 22 at 71 years of age

The World Court

OPPOSITION to the World Court seems to have arisen chiefly from three fears.

One is the fear that by joining the World Court the United States will be entrapped in the League of Nations. The Court, it is alleged, is a subsidiary of the League, and by becoming a member of the subsidiary the Nation would be virtually and should have to become actually a member of the major organization. This argument is based on a mistaken view of the status of the Court. It is a separate international statute or treaty, not the League, that created the Court. In electing the judges the League acts as an agent of the statute. By a change in the statute itself another agent might be substituted as an electoral college. The League may apply to the Court for an opinion on a legal case, but in that respect does not differ from any nation that may appeal to the Court.

The second fear is that by joining the Court the United States may submit its National policies to foreign judges. This fear would be well grounded if the Court were organized to render decisions on political matters. The Court, however, is charged solely with decisions on questions of law. It has no authority concerning any question of policy whatever, and its record so far indicates that its judges are more keenly aware of this limitation on its authority and more certain to keep the Court within its function than any one untrained in law can be.

The third fear is that the United States may be subjected as a member of the Court to the enforcement of the Court's decisions by the exercise of military or other power. In particular, it is the fear that the so-called sanctions of the League may be resorted to in case some decision should go against the United States. Some of the more ardent advocates of the Court who are also ardent advocates of the League have gone rather far to justify this fear. Even Judge Bustamante, one of the judges of the Court, goes so far as to say:

> Since all or almost all the nations and their colonies and self-governing dominions now form one social organism for certain joint purposes, this organism, which must have force and authority, might well assume the duty of enforcing the judgments of the Permanent Court of International Justice, in case the defeated nation resists the decision.

Against this view that the decisions of the Court should be supported by military or other force American opinion is clearly overwhelming. For years the United States Supreme Court was comparatively weak because it had no sanctions—that is, no means of its own to compel obedience to it; but it ultimately has become the most powerful Court in the world, because it has won for itself the moral support that is the natural consequence of the reasonableness of its decisions. If the World Court succeeds, it will be by the same process of winning the support of those whose controversies it decides. There is nothing in the statute that created the Court that provides for sanctions. If there is any doubt upon this subject, the Senate should remove it by a reservation. We do not think that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a reservation is necessary except to allay the fear that has been raised by some of the less wise among the Court's advocates. Since this fear can be removed, it should not be allowed to form an obstacle to American membership.

About Ancient Debts

NOT very long ago in the House of Commons in the question hour, when members of the Opposition delight to heckle the Government, an honorable member asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Chamberlain, whether he were aware that certain American States had defaulted in the payment of their debts, and whether his Majesty's Government had made any representations to the Government of the United States at Washington with a view to obtaining repayment of the money thus lost by British citizens.

This sounds as if it related to something that happened last month or last year. In point of fact, these lamentable offenses against English and American creditors took place at various dates, but none, we believe, less than fifty-five years ago.

Of course this attempt to hurt America's feelings is only a repetition of what takes place whenever some foreign press or government feels a little disagreeable toward America and Americans. A notable instance was the excited and vociferous clamor of certain Paris newspapers on this same point a few months ago when France and the United States were amicably trying to settle the question of the French debt—an honorable financial discussion which was about a million miles away from having any relation to the ancient repudiation of State debts.

It seems impossible to get it permanently into the heads of our foreign neighbors that the United States has no more power or right to interfere in matters of State indebtedness than it has in the matter of town indebtedness or than the English Government has in the finances of the London County Council. Many of us remember when English papers clamored for payment from the United States Treasury of war bonds issued by the Confederate States, thus insisting that the United States should pay for the arms and ammunition which were used in a vain effort to tear it to pieces. Imagine Great Britain paying off Fenian bonds! As a matter of fact, many optimistic Englishmen purchased Confederate bonds in the hope of ultimately making their fortunes!

Further than this—if we are to be put upon our defense as to the distant past—there are certain circumstances which might well be remembered. Repudiation is wrongful, injurious, reprehensible, and not to be excused. Yet it is a historic fact that the word "repudiation" as related to public debts came into use about 1840, when the then Governor of Mississippi suggested to the Legislature the plan of "repudiating the sale of the State bonds on account of fraud and illegality." His State and other Southern States had plunged into what we call now boom finance and had supported bond loans made by banks, which found a ready sale abroad without any apparent intelligent choice as between good loans and bad loans and without any apparent knowledge that when you loan money to a State you must look into the nature of the transaction exactly as you would in lending money to a corporation. The boom burst; Mississippi refused to follow its Governor's advice; but more than ten years later the people of the State, at a referendum vote, refused to furnish money to meet principal or interest. Other Southern States followed this example. Again, after the Civil War the so-called period of Reconstruction loaded some of the Southern States with debts which, as they held, were not incurred by the people of the States, but by Legislatures controlled by carpetbaggers and Negroes. The States, apart from this, were terribly poor and could not pay running expenses. Again the financial obligations were either annulled or scaled. We do not know of any other such action taken by States, although one Northern State, Minnesota, scaled the payment of certain railroad bonds on the ground that the railways had not carried out their contract. There are also cases of municipalities which during or after panic seasons have gone into bankruptcy or something that was equivalent to bankruptcy.

Mr. Chamberlain, in reply to his heckler's question, said, "The Government of the United States have no control over these States." He modestly added that Americans were as much interested as anybody in the matter and that if the American Government cannot secure redress, "I am afraid no representations from me would be of any avail."

It is not surprising that people on the Continent should not know much about America's form of Government, but most educated Englishmen are supposed to have read James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," and should remember that our dual form of Government entails some disadvantages as regards that which in a nation like Great Britain is indivisible, namely, the functions of sovereignty. In some matters the Federal Government is sovereign; in others the States retain sovereignty.

Repudiation is not an American habit; the cases that exist are now historic rather than modern; yet the lender of money, whether to town, State, or nation, and whether the borrower is American or European, should be businesslike enough to learn where the responsibility lies.

New England and Old England

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AT the one hundred and twentieth annual dinner of the New England Society in the city of New York, held on Forefathers' Day, December 22, General James G. Harbord, responding to the toast of "New England and Old England," said that, in his judgment, a friendly understanding and co-operation between the English-speaking peoples—whom he specifically named as Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States—constituted a surer guaranty of world peace than a League of Nations, or even than a World Court. This was a notable utterance, for General Harbord is very far from being an Anglomaniac. Having been born in what may be called the heart of modern America, the Mississippi Valley, he received first a thorough civilian education, taking the degree of Bachelor of Science and later a Master's degree at the Kansas State Agricultural College; then, choosing a career in the Army, he sought and obtained a thorough military training, and has become one of the most distinguished army officers of his time. He has filled all grades

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that of private, corporal, and sergeant to that of major-general and Deputy Chief of Staff. His services in the World War and in the establishment of European peace have been recognized by the highest decorations both at home and abroad. General Pershing has publicly said that he relied more upon General Harbord than upon any other one man during his operations on the western front. Thus the association of the names of New England and Old England by General Harbord means something.

What a series of historical memories the juxtaposition of the two names revives! The long series of irritations which gathered and burst into the American Revolution; the continuance of controversy, after the peace obtained at Yorktown, between the pro-British Federalists and the anti-British Jeffersonians; the bursting out again of the conflagration in the War of 1812; our narrow escape from another conflict with England during the Civil War period; the irritations over the Alabama Claims, which happily were assuaged by judicial procedure instead of an appeal to arms; the gradual *rapprochement* of the two nations during the hurricane at Samoa, the Spanish War, and the building of the Panama Canal; and, finally, the complete amity and fraternal co-operation of the "Tommies" and the "Yanks" during the World War.

There are no quarrels quite so deep-seated and acrimonious as family quarrels; and the wonder is, not that there are still irritations and misunderstandings in the English-speaking family, but that there should exist to-day so great a degree of sympathy, friendliness, and appreciation of each other's good qualities. The bitterness of the Revolutionary struggle has been brought more vividly to my mind than any school history did in my boyhood days by a little book which has just been loaned to me by an old friend, Judge Hiram R. Steele, who still actively practices law in the city of New York, although he was a captain in a Vermont regiment during the Civil War.

This little book, published more than a hundred years ago, bound in old calfskin, its pages yellow with age and its margins gnawed and broken by time, is the narrative of the captivity and suffering of my friend's grandfather, Zadock Steele, who in 1780 was captured by the Indians under British leadership at the burning of Royalton, in what is now the State of Vermont. The Indians' prisoners, after wanderings and vicissitudes, were taken to Montreal, and there young Zadock was sold to the British "for a half Joe," the Joe being a Portuguese coin worth about sixteen dollars. Here Zadock and some of his fellows were finally imprisoned in a stockade on an island in the St. Lawrence, where they were treated like slaves, being sometimes "handcuffed and chained to the posts of the Barracks." They suffered, of course, from hunger, freezing, and disease. After nearly two years of captivity Zadock and a few of his companions escaped from the stockade by digging a trench or tunnel and plunged into the St. Lawrence on an improvised raft of logs.

There is no space here to detail the adventures of the escaped captives in traversing the rapid streams, lakes, and forests of what was then a howling wilderness during their struggle to reach their homes again. An old lady of Vermont has related that she can remember her grandmother's description of the arrival of the fugitives at the first farmhouse which they discovered near their old home. Their clothing was so hardened with grime and filth and so incrusted with vermin that it had to be burned, and when put in the stove "it crackled like blazing hemlock boughs." Of one of his jailers or overseers Zadock Steele had nothing but detestation, which appears to be fully justified by the details of his almost savage brutality related in the narrative. But it must be said that the British Provincial Government finally discharged this jailer from the army with disgrace and put in his place an officer "who manifested a disposition for peace; established good order; appeared to have regard to the laws of justice, humanity, and benevolence; restored tranquillity among the prisoners, and reconciliation between them and the guard." "Could I recollect," continues the narrator, "the name of this person I would present him to the public as a character worthy of imitation; and as 'peace-makers shall be called the children of God,' I think I am authorized by the Holy Scriptures to call him by that dignified and honorable title." Thus may be said to have begun that spirit of friendliness even in the midst of war which resulted in the famous hundred years of peace along the Canadian border.

Whatever may be said of the uncompromising sternness of the New England Puritans and their Cromwellian antipathy to what they conceived to be aristocratic tyranny, they did make a noble effort to settle differences by the Scriptural formularies of peaceful procedure. There lies before me as I write an interesting book, privately printed in Vermont a few years ago, which is a transcript of the ancient manuscript record of the "Proceedings of the Church of Baptised Brethrin of Royalton Vermont." This sect was organized in 1790, ten years after the burning of Royalton by the Indians and British and the capture of Zadock Steele. One of the chief organizers was Deacon John Billings, whose family has played an important and useful part in the development of Vermont during the past century. That Vermont rapidly recovered from the throes of the Revolution is indicated by some of the statistics of this church record. Deacon Billings, for example, owned one hundred and thirty acres of farm land, a yoke of oxen, four cows, three yearlings, three hogs, fourteen sheep, one horse, ten calves, one colt, one hundred and sixty bushels of cereals, and contributed four pounds to the establishment of the new church—a munificent donation in view of the scarcity of hard cash in those days. His religious generosity was tempered by stern insistence on religious observances; for when a grandchild professed inability to take part in the singing of the Psalms he replied: "Then you shall be whipped! I will have no grandchild who cannot sing."

There were Fundamentalists in those days. Modern Tennessee has nothing on ancient Vermont in this respect. The record is filled with controversies between the "Brethrin"—and, let me add regretfully, between the Sisters also—like the following:

> The Chh. then Reseved a Complaint from Brother Daniel Leonard against Brother Edward Spears which was as followes that Brother Spears had Charged him with Lying and that he—as he thought—Did it in an unbecoming harsh Sperit—and that he had taken the first and second steps with him and Could not Git satisfaction and now Layed it before the Chh:—Brother Spears Exknowledged his fallt and asked the forgiveness of Brother Leonard and all the Bretherin and the Chh for Gave—and Brother Leonard for Gave and Receavid him into there fellowships.

For the benefit of those who are not Fundamentalists let me add that the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and second steps referred to in the above quotation from the record are set forth in the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, wherein a man who has a complaint to make against his brother is enjoined to go alone to the transgressor, and if the fault is not admitted to go again with two or three witnesses, and if the offense is still persisted in, to take the complaint to the church.

There was a simplicity about our New England forefathers which is amusing to look back upon, but which, after all, had considerable merit. They had, for instance, a sense of justice which must be at the bottom of all durable international as well as individual peace-making.

What 1925 Brought To Europe

Correspondence by ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

England

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S death marked the year 1925 for all English men and women. The year had seen the passing of notable statesmen—Curzon, Milner, Bourgeois, Branting, Ebert. But no death could signalize the end of an epoch as did that of this august octogenarian, a veritable fairy princess and of unlimited popularity.

The year was important in the history of the British Empire because never before had the London Government shown such respect for the various Dominions; in this regard Article IX of the Locarno Treaty was unprecedented. The Mosul affair was not without influence.

In the United Kingdom, as I prophesied a year ago, two of the political parties underwent some change. Among the Liberals one noticed the increasing assertion of the radicals, perhaps the seed of a new party. Among the Laborites the cleft between moderates and extremists grew steadily wider until, to his credit, Mr. MacDonald had to expel the Communists.

The year also witnessed a new effervescence in Ireland. The limitation of the frontier between North and South has caused much trouble, Catholic and Protestant populations being closely intermingled.

Some months ago an equally menacing shadow came over the economic domain. The Labor crisis in the coal districts resulted in the certain prospect of a cessation of nearly all industrial life. The Court of Enquiry, inaugurated by the Government on July 13, could not ward it off; only the Premier's compromise of the 31st averted the disaster for ten months. In addition there was the shipping strike; had it succeeded, it would have brought the people to the verge of starvation. As to the workless in general, there are now, according to Mr. Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, about 200,000 fewer unemployed than a year ago.

The situation among the poor should be relieved by the time these lines are read because of the new pensions; some 200,000 widowed mothers and 400,000 children will receive their benefits from increased appropriations.

As to land conditions, the year saw the beginning of a new reform. Will it go to the root of the injustices found in the lack of land, in the low wages, and in the low production? As to forestry, 1925 was the first year when England officially was informed that there was enough territory available for forests to provide the country with a third of its annual timber requirement—territory at present practically wasted.

Finally, 1925 was the first year since the war when England maintained the pound at parity.

France

IN France the year was one of Cabinet changes. In them, to my mind, the most curious and, I fear, the most significant feature was not the country's sorry financial predicament, but the Socialist attitude.

M. Herriot, Prime Minister at the beginning of the year, head of the largest group of the majority in Parliament, the Socialist Radical, a man of amiable and attractive personal qualities, had become the slave of the "pure" Socialists. In April he was overthrown. He was succeeded by the eminent mathematician and statesman, Paul Painlevé, who invited M. Caillaux to return to power as Minister of Finance. The first Painlevé Cabinet was more independent of the Socialists than the Herriot Cabinet had been. The second Painlevé Cabinet veered more in the Socialist direction and fell on November 22. Having tasted the sweets of power without being personally represented in the Cabinet, the Socialists now demanded what they had not before, namely, direct representation. They offered (1) to enter a new Cabinet if they were given the Ministries of War, Finance, Justice, Public Works, and the Interior (of course, the party controlling these offices controls the state); or (2) to form a purely Socialist Cabinet. And this effrontery was from a party with less than a hundred seats in the Chamber of Deputies, but representing, as it believed, the balance of power there. Apparently the Socialists did not fear the certainly adverse votes in Parliament, because, with the Bolshevist example before them, they saw that a small minority, once in power, could by force impose its will on a whole people. That this was their aim is revealed by a widely circulated journal, the "Midi Socialiste," as follows:

> If our laws do not allow us to get funds where they are and to punish the traitors to their fiscal duty, we will override the law. And if financiers hold up the people, after having placed their own funds in safety, we, unable to reach those funds, will not hesitate to arrest the culprits and say to them, "Pay or you will be hung." And we will hang them.

No wonder, then, that, on the one hand, a Fascist counter-movement arose, and that, on the other, the Communists promised their support to the Socialists. The Kerensky régime led to the Lenine régime, those Communists remembered.

Now there is real reason for discontent in France. But it does not come mainly from financiers; it comes from the great body of the people. They have never been trained, as have the English and ourselves, in the habit of paying all the taxes imposed. The year 1925 revealed, according to a well-known Paris author-

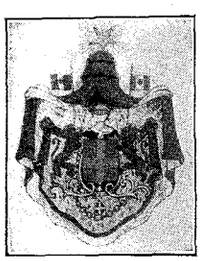
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity, that tax evasion costs France every year a sum large enough to balance the Budget, provide a sinking fund, and stabilize the franc. What was needed was not a Socialist Minister (even a few weeks of Socialist power would ruin France), but a Ministry with the courage to impose necessary new taxes and then to collect them.

Though the Briand Cabinet is not sufficiently a coalition Ministry, it has a chance to save the situation. All friends of France will hope that it may.

If the trying financial crisis seemed completely to dominate French opinion during 1925, the year was notable in revealing a correspondingly cheerful fact on the economic side, namely, an unprecedentedly good trade balance—an apparent paradox. It proved to be of first importance in the attempt to settle the French debt to America.

Italy



For Italy 1925 was the Fascist high-water mark as well as the culminating point in the popularity of Benito Mussolini, the great Fascist leader. The year steadily developed his eloquence and appeal. For instance, the other day, to call attention to the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, Signor Mussolini declared:

> In Dante Italy showed poetry's highest flight; in Leonardo, the profoundest reach of art and science; in Columbus, the hardiest navigator; and in St. Francis, the holiest saint, whether of Christianity or of humanity. Restorer of the religion of Christ, St. Francis was also one of the first Italian poets. His brother-monks who went to the East were at once missionaries of Christ and of Italy.

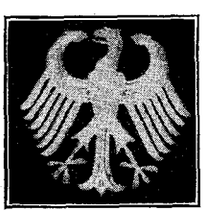
This passion for Italy (we have its proof in the magnificent popular subscription to pay the Italian debt to us) is the base of the Fascist movement. To succeed, however, that movement needed discipline even more than enthusiasm. According to Mussolini, the Italian parliamentary system has never led to that end. "Parliament," he asserts, "cannot function if the party having the largest number of adherents is not assured of a solid majority protecting it from all the plots of the little groups in coalition." He obtained the passage of such a protecting law, favoring the Fascists, and during 1925 followed it by some even more surprising measures. The climax was reached by a law providing for practical parliamentary abdication.

Regarding another measure, prohibiting workmen's syndicates save by Fascist organization, the "Osservatore Romano," the Vatican organ, recalls Leo XIII's pronouncement concerning the natural rights of workmen to form associations. In other words, the new project was a restriction, not only of political liberty, but also of the conception of universal social organization.

There were also Fascist measures against the liberty of the press. Their boldest attack upset the management of the Milan "Corriere della Sera," the most eminent and gratifyingly the most widely read of Italian dailies. During 1925 it often reached 1,000,000 copies a day, and rarely fell to less than 800,000. When it became known that Senator Luigi Albertini and his brother Alberto had been expelled from the management, the sale of the paper, it is said, fell by some 75,000. In 1914 the "Corriere" was the first Italian journal to espouse the Entente Allies' cause. After the war it was equally courageous in affirming that the conquest of Dalmatia was not in Italy's interest. It favored Signor Mussolini's participation in the Government. Taking its stand on the firm principle of the Constitution, however, it opposed the march on Rome and all the revolutionary Fascist tendencies.

To sum up, despite Mussolini's immense services to his country in a time of her great need, the year 1925 showed beyond a doubt that he had gone much too far. Constitutional government had indeed collapsed.

Germany



For Germany, in the first place, really hardly less for France, indeed, for the whole world, the greatest event of 1925 was the Locarno Treaty. As the Paris "Temps" says, "One may now feel that the war is actually at an end."

In February the base of the Treaty, at the suggestion of Lord d'Abernon, British Ambassador in Berlin, was put forth by Herr Stresemann, German Foreign Minister. After being elaborated at Paris and London, the timely suggestion developed into an event the most striking not only of the year but of our epoch.

What makes it peculiarly striking is the fact that its conclusions were reached entirely within the limits of the Versailles Treaty; hence all the rights of the Allies resulting from that Treaty are maintained in all their force.

An equally striking feature is the fact that seven of the principal European nations pledged themselves to submit their differences to arbitration. You may think perhaps that the Locarno Treaty really does not do more than apply the League of Nations' Covenant to a limited area. But it does do more.

(1) It replaces for this area the somewhat vague system of military aid from all the League members by a formal guaranty on the part of England and Italy.

(2) It defines more specifically what are legitimate acts of self-defense and what may be regarded as acts of war.

(3) It erects a Permanent Commission of Conciliation. Conflicts may be submitted to this Commission before being submitted to the League Council.

(4) It defines more exactly the procedure to effect the decisions of the World Court.

(5) It takes away the liberty of going to war if settlement is not reached by this means.

The signature of the Locarno Treaty marked the end of one period of history and the beginning of another. More particularly it registered the welcome fact that a German Parliament and President, both supposed to be strongly and obstinately nationalist, had passed and signed the enabling law.

Coincident with the final signature, the first detachments of the British Army of Occupation left the Cologne zone. Had Germany fulfilled her disarmament promises, the British would have departed on January 10, 1925, agreeably with treaty provision. The evacuation gives enormous satisfaction to all Germans save, perhaps, to the thousands of Fräuleins now the wives of English soldiers and to the Cologne merchants, with whom the "Tommies" and their officers have left tens of thousands of dollars every week.

At the same time the French began to reduce by a third the number of their soldiers in the zone occupied by them. All questions concerning soldiers in the occupied zones are to be centralized in Paris and dealt with by the Ambassadors' Conference.

Though German commerce and industry are still considerably dislocated, Germany is producing more wealth than she consumes. The future, by reason of the advance of 1925, promises more economic and political stability than she has known since the war.

The year 1925 has thus been a significant period for Europe, and consequently for America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Years

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

MY dreams wear thinner as the years go by:
The stony face of Fate into my own
Stares with that granite look of hers, and I
Stare back with a still face—but not of stone.

"The Big Parade"

As Seen by "Ex. Sgt. 102nd Engrs."

THE next time any one tells you that people are not interested in the war you can laugh loud and long—and send them to see "The Big Parade," by Laurence Stallings. I got to see it half by accident myself. Not because I've lost interest in the war, but merely because the rather too supercilious critics—or some of them—had half damned it with rather faint praise.

But there was a kind of familiar sameness about the men I saw piling in to get tickets, and, incidentally, they weren't getting any tickets either. Sold out! Well, you invariably want something you can't get, so in I went and got the worst seat in the house—in a box. Where do theaters get the nerve to charge as much as they do for these abominations of desolation?

In other words, I wasn't the only one there—no thanks to the critics; and by the time the orchestra started up the entrance, the aisles, the stairs, and the seats were jammed—right up to the roof. With whom? That's the point! With ex-service men, with their wives, their sisters—or other fellows' sisters—and numerous friends. It looked like a regimental reunion, from condescending colonel to formerly abject shavetail, and from bumptious sergeant to happy-go-lucky private. Most of them were a trifle better upholstered than seven years ago; but, as I said, they were very much there—as many as could get in.

That box, when I got to it, already had five other men in it. You could have spotted them as service men at a mile. The word must have been passed around. Pity about those critics! It is a safe bet that the nearest some of them ever got to the war was seeing parades on the avenue.

THIS is, in brief, a war film. And when I say "war" I do not mean a sham battle in the suburbs of Peekskill either. This means that some folk, and particularly our women folk, won't like it; but it will "get" them, just the same. For they will be thrilled, they will unavoidably laugh, and they will have their hearts torn to shreds—for that, mesdames, is war for you! Let us put it right in front of you—with all its horror and its comedy, its agony and its gayety, its ruthlessness and its infinite love and sacrifice. Perhaps *you* may not like it, madam, but that audience dropped seven years and forgot itself.

Men roared at times and slapped one another on the back. With broad grins they sang along with the orchestra of that highly popular if indiscreet "Mademoiselle of Armenteers." They hummed "You're in the Army Now" when the

Any hole is "The Better 'Ole"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That worst of all things, a heartbreaking 'walking charge'"

bugles played it, verse after verse. They muttered imprecations under their breath, and then for a while sat in grim and breathless silence. In an hour or so they experienced anew the whole gamut of emotions that meant for them an infinity of experience. For the Great Adventure—hate it, if you will—is a very cherished memory to millions of us every-day humdrum men.

There were deft and cunning touches on the part of folk who knew what they were about. Little touches—even to the cow stable—the haymow and manure pile thereof! It made me ache to see those buddies getting off their shoes. And here and there, if you will pardon me, ladies, there were men in that audience who unconsciously—quite unconsciously—scratched while they guffawed. And do you remember, sergeant, how furious "madame" was when we "policed" those barnyards?

As for the company mess—well, you could actually smell those beans and that amazing coffee, so useful in getting gravy or grease off your mess kit. There were our late friends the "M. P.'s," of course, getting earnestly and grievously misunderstood, as usual, and—oh, well, it was the real stuff, right down to the mademoiselles. And the buddy behind me forgot he was not in Bar-le-Duc, or Martignas, let us say, and whispered, "Oh-la-la!" in my ear.

And suddenly—just as it came to us—the war arrived. There was the roaring by of interminable trains of motor trucks jammed with men. And there was Jerry in a plane who swooped down and got you with his machine gun. And there was the abiding horror of trench warfare, barrages far too real, and that worst of all things, a heartbreaking "walking charge," timed walking, against those murderous machine-gun nests, with the wiping out of men—rows of men, who dropped like stone or who sank and scrambled about.

Well, it is all there, good people—incredibly real, incredibly tragic, and therefore true to nature. Such a picture as this should be kept ready and waiting, and when saber-rattling numskulls begin prophesying war they should be made to see it again and again—many times. They will go away quiet and abashed. The Great War may well have been the "war to end war" it was said to be if, now and then, people can see it as it really was, without the glamour of romance so usually cast over it.

"This is no picture," declared the man behind me; "this is the real thing. You can't fool me! That there's the road through Fismes! And you don't get a bunch of hard-boileds like that hanging around movie studios!"

Neither do you. The actual war scenes were so obviously true that if you forgot for an instant you were only looking at a picture you caught your breath and wondered how the Signal Corps ever did it, and how King Vidor ever got those films released for his picture!

THIS is how it was. The whole battle was planned by general officers of the Second Division, and it was carried out to the bitterest detail by thousands of overseas men who simply re-enacted performances indelibly branded into their memories. It was a duplication of Belleau Wood; the harrowing advance, with everything complete—artillery, barrage, tanks, planes, and ambulance corps. The whole personnel of a Legion post took over a "billeting" episode in a French village, largely improvising as they went along, and simply brought down the house!

So, for the background of a well-worked-out plot we have army life at the billet and at the front, and the story is that of three buddies and a farm girl—the buddies from as diverse homes as was usually the case, and all exceedingly well acted. The farm girl, Renée Adorée, had only to re-enact her own experiences, having been among the refugees fleeing from the Belgian border.

"The Big Parade" will bring back poignant as well as hilarious memories to members of the old A. E. F. It will fascinate and thrill innumerable men who did not and could not go over. The schoolboy will learn at first hand what war really is like—as will the aforesaid saber-rattlers. And many an old "vet" will go back again and again and see it, for, with all its cruel realism, they will recall comrades, places, doings, tragedies, and heroisms one never will, or can, or should forget. CHARLES K. TAYLOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Press

The Palladium of Our Liberties: Is It Cracked?

By Don C. Seitz

This is the first of a series of trenchant articles on the amazing developments in the field of journalism

FOR the century and a half since the clash at Concord and Lexington the press has been acclaimed, largely in its own columns, as the Palladium of Our Liberties. Before it came into being the statue of Pallas Athene, erected in public places, was considered the special guardian of these precious entities. They were wholly taken over when the new Constitution guaranteed the freedom of the printed word by the able editors, to whose credit it must be said that most of them were faithful to their trust. That they were bitter, partisan, and unfair can be readily admitted. But, like the watch-dog, they had an honest bark and did not sleep on duty.

It may be stated, however, that a well-fed watch-dog is less apt to be vigilant than one with an unsatisfied appetite, and profound observation leads to the conclusion that this rule applies to editors. The old vigilantes were not overfat. Their occupation was hazardous, their support small, and their friends few. Fighting party issues with savage zeal, they were only too frequently not supported by the party. Yet each stood by his colors and grew lean in purse and person for the cause.

PURSE and person have become plump in the profession to a degree unimagined so late as a decade ago. The self-constituted Palladium is groggy, and there are cracks in its pedestal. One of the many discoveries that came with war-time inflation was that profit-making could be made the rule and not the exception in journalism. The discovery came first in London, where the amazing Harmsworth success, following upon the creation of a halfpenny paper for people who had just learned to read, had made it possible for that astute publisher to capitalize his property and unload a great share upon the public without disturbing his control. This gave him real millions.

Millions made millions. Soon the Harmsworths, Alfred and Harold, were magnates. The war made other men rich, and these saw in London newspapers a great source of income from investment, with the result that colossal capitalization followed, in which were bulked all the publications of consequence except the "Times" and the Labor Party's "Herald," with the public holding the bag. The "Times" was taken from the Harmsworth interests by the lusty purse of the American-bred Astor family, and still thunders in solitary grandeur. The others are pocket pieces, profitable, unimpressive, and of no sort of public use. Noble lords preside over their boards, just as they do at directorates of soap and rubber companies.

Don C. Seitz

FOR many years Don C. Seitz has played a leading part in American journalism. As the business manager of an outstanding metropolitan daily during the period of its greatest success, as a student of American history and a fearless critic of American life, he has made for himself an international reputation.

For twenty-five years his hat has been hanging on a peg in the office of the New York "World." With the beginning of the new year he transfers his hat and himself to The Outlook office. He joins The Outlook as a member of its Board of Directors and of its staff.

The Outlook Company rejoices in the addition of this notable voice to its editorial council. His vigor, his forthrightness, and his knowledge of men and affairs will mean much to readers of The Outlook during the coming months.

WE have not yet reached this stage in America, but seem to be on the way. Traditional newspaper poverty has kept the public out of the newspaper field. Frank A. Munsey once floated a bond issue covering his magazines, but none are outstanding. Bernarr Macfadden, of physical culture fame, advertised a stock issue a year ago to float his "Evening Graphic." The rush to subscribe did not upset Wall Street. William R. Hearst recently mortgaged a batch of his publications to the amount of $12,000,000 in bonds, but how far the citizenry invested is not revealed. Readers of Mr. Arthur Brisbane's "To-Day" column get the impression that he bought most of them out of his salary as editor of the "Evening Journal." Mr. Hearst, is, however, something of a syndicate himself, owning twenty-six daily newspapers and a half-score of magazines. He will be in a good position to capitalize as soon as he can secure a chartered accountant's certificate that he is making money—which is the British method of pocket-picking.

Beyond this, American newspapers are the properties of individuals, estates, partnerships, and close corporations. Few are longer owned by their editors. The work is done by hired men, some of whom are paid nearly as well as the union compositors, though working under a less certain tenure of employment and a more shifting scale.

Wages have more than doubled in mechanical departments, but have enjoyed little hoisting in the brainery, save to those favored beings who can have their output syndicated. These pets of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the press are egregiously overpaid, but cost their employers nothing. Their lucubrations are distributed at a profit over the land, and aid in keeping down the earnings of other men. Mr. Hearst is extremely liberal in this respect. Besides the gilded Brisbane, who illuminates eighty-five papers each day with his scintillations, a score of artists and writers are richly rewarded at the expense of competing sheets in the rural districts, in many of which the parent publication is on sale before the syndicated matter gets to press. Mr. Hearst thus has his cake and eats it, while there is more frost than frosting on the article supplied the local editor.

This system of syndicating is a large factor in destroying individuality in our newspapers, besides shutting the door of opportunity in the face of talent. It adds to the number of mute, inglorious Miltons and suppressed Hampdens of the countryside. Few realize the enormous extent upon which the press in general relies upon canned goods for filling. Numerous syndicates exist profitably through the supply of features, and all large dailies maintain syndicate departments. The sale of their by-products runs up to a pretty penny, permitting, as already noted, the payment of large salaries to specialists, comic artists, and even poets. The incomes of Edgar A. Guest and Walt Mason, for example, would make Tennyson and Longfellow feel like pikers. The creator of "Mutt and Jeff" has been at it for a quarter of a century, and can almost be suspected of using stencils. He has become rich enough to maintain a racing stable. H. T. Webster and Maurice Ketten would hardly care to change places with many bank presidents. George McManus is a plutocrat, and Tom Powers deserves to be.

These cases are cited, not in a carping spirit, but to show how small a part individualism has in making the common garden variety of newspaper, and also to explain how the exclusion of latent talent from the field tends to make the sheets commonplace and uninfluential.

Syndicated editorials are also sent out from a central plant, and are used to a considerable extent. Thus newspapers become standardized, like Ford cars, whose parts are said to be available at five-and-ten-cent stores, and have the flat flavor of cold buckwheat cakes.

MORE than once in the history of American journalism outstanding figures have risen from the back districts to make themselves heard across the land. William Allen White and E. W. Howe are some Kansas specimens. Both have become appanages of syndicates and punky. Whoever hears anything any more from a Cincinnati, Louisville, or Springfield, Massachusetts, newspaper? Yet once the exchange editors followed with eager shears the leaders of Murat Halstead, Colonel Henry Watterson, and Samuel Bowles. Their papers still exist, but life is gone from them. The Field Marshal rides no more, and the Star-Eyed Goddess of Kentucky sleeps with the daisies. The Springfield "Republican" lives on, but not up to its reputation. What has happened? Are the communities less intelligent, or are the editors.

The fault, perhaps, lies with both. We recall the Athenian jester who held up a dried fish by the tail and so caused an audience to turn away from the oratory of Anaximines. "See," he cried in triumph, "a dried fish is more interesting than Anaximines." To meet dried-fish competition editors have been swept off their feet and have followed the false gods to their own moral destruction. Their business managers are of the sort who are able to only sell circulation, and not results. The buying power of the mass has become the fetish of the advertiser, and not the buying power of the individual. Yet where will you find two more successful newspapers than the New York "Times" or the Boston "Transcript," both of which have sturdily refused to be swept from off their feet?

The ready apology for this sort of recalcitrance is that "people are no longer influenced by editorials," which is not true. The editorials are no longer influential because they have no force behind them, no potential purpose, no punch. The study is how to mix milk and water rather than blood and iron. The greater a newspaper's circulation, the weaker its editorial policy is certain to be, perhaps on the theory that there are just so many more people whose feelings must not be injured. The management seems deliberately to strive in a colorless indirection, instead of glorying in its strength.

THAT accomplished and successful publisher, General Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston "Globe," kept his paper tame by an ingenious device. He had too much conscience to ignore matters that deserved public attention, but was too canny to involve the paper's strength in conveying the message of dissent or opposition. He therefore adopted the system of having his leading editorial signed "Uncle Dudley." Now "Uncle Dudley" is the titular "wise guy" of New England, and what "your Uncle Dudley" says is supposed to "go." But it is always what "Uncle Dudley" says, not the "Globe," which escapes responsibility —and power!

For, much as the critic may cry out against the anonymity of the press, that is the source of its might. The opinion of a great newspaper represents a consensus of the courage, the learning, the wisdom, and the judgment of the men who make it. An editorial signed John Smith is John Smith's opinion, and nothing more. There are plenty of John Smiths, but mighty few New York "Worlds" or Manchester "Guardians." Their words weigh accordingly.

"But," says the critic, "we should know who it is that attempts to influence us. Why should this writer who assails be allowed to hide behind the name of his newspaper?" For the good reason cited above, and for the further reason that the newspaper does not hide. It is the only force in the world that performs all its acts in the open. It needs more than the insight of an individual's view to stand guard over affairs of public concern. We look out for the locomotive, not the engineer.

WOULD it not seem the first of all impulses on the part of the owner of a widely circulated publication to exert himself in the interest of his subscribers? Apparently it is not. The greater the circulation, the less appears to be the unselfish impulse. Eager minds do not develop with financial success, and money is notoriously timid. The monks who took vows of celibacy and poverty were on the right track. They know that singleness of purpose could not be maintained in any other way. Perhaps some time we shall see such a dedication to editorial duty, but it is not likely to appear in the daily field. The costs of operation are too great, the energy required can only be generated by industrial effort. Asceticism can have no place from now on in great establishments beyond the reportorial staffs. The boys are, and probably will be, kept lean and hungry, like the pigs that hunt truffles under the oak trees in Picardy.

Thus the newspaper has come to make itself more of a convenience than an influence. It prints the department-store bargains and gives radio programs each day. It also chronicles with much detail the doings of the movie heroes and heroines, their hectic lives and complicated marital affairs. It also reveals in pages of agate the incomes of our fellow-citizens. Some news is printed if it happens early enough in the day to get in. Most news

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declines to hurry for this purpose, and the bulk of it gets into "replate" editions that nobody reads, but which perfect the scores of the editors. This passion for early publication is responsible for much newspaper weakness, bad writing, and misinformation. It also leads to much forecasting which is not always correct in outcome, but which curtails the value of events in the editorial mind when the thing really comes to a conclusion. The last-minute morning paper no longer exists, except in the rural regions where people go to bed early and nothing happens. There they do get the Associated Press stuff in all editions. It sometimes takes a great metropolitan journal two days to catch up with the review of a play. The show does not get under way until the "morning paper" has gone to press. The editions thus issued are sent to unlucky mail subscribers and sold in the subways, where their first-page headlines are glanced at in the dim light by returning theater-goers and then are trampled underfoot. Much of the matter is railroaded and bristles with errors. To get a decent account of anything happening after eight o'clock at night in New York is well-nigh impossible. If it gets in at all, it is usually telephoned from some booth uptown by a "kid" reporter and mangled by a "rewrite" man in the office.

This same "rewrite" man is a great offender. He all too frequently puts the reporter in a false position with the source of his information and makes him appear untrustworthy; all too frequently he affects a "style" that has no reflex in what the reporter himself would have written if properly trained and allowed to do his own work. Thus the reporter degenerates into "legs" and steadily increases in inefficiency. He does not learn his business and loses his individuality. So does the paper he works for.

COMMONPLACE is as commonplace does. Newspapers that prefer profits to power have come into being, and, empty of any other purpose than making money, succeed in their design. Has not the press a place in the community as sacred and important as the pulpit? Should it not truly be a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide people who are helpless without it on the right roads of life? What right has it to be a mere medium of amusement, a three-ringed circus exhibiting only the antics of clowns? It was awarded low postal rates by the wise fathers that it might fulfill its true mission. Justly enough, the Government is slowly cramping the privilege. It sees no reason why car-loads of "Mutt and Jeff," "Potash and Perlmutter," or "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" should swamp the mails in the interest of pocket-filling and to the moral detriment of the Nation. Let clowns do the amusing in their proper field, inside the sawdust circles.

The country shivers at the thought of an invasion of "Reds." It will not "recognize" Russia as being a land of blood. It fears longer to receive immigrants unless morally vaccinated. Is it, perhaps, aware that it has sapped its own mental strength to an anæmic point by accepting the kind of things that have come to rule in American journalism and takes to the defensive by crawling into a hole?

Yelping Alumni

The Matter with College Football

THE author of this article graduated fourteen years ago. He was identified with athletics while in college and has always been a close student of football. His interest in the game is as keen as it was in his undergraduate days. As a true friend of college football he advances a few theories which should serve as a basis for some intelligent discussion—and, perhaps, reform.

WHENEVER two or more football-minded men meet nowadays the subject of "Red" Grange is almost sure to come up for discussion. Is Grange a menace to college football? Or is he a downright blessing? I take the latter view most emphatically. For Halfback Grange has turned the glaring sunlight on the gross commercialism of college football. Sunlight is good for every ill of man or beast. It will be most beneficial for college football as well.

A most astute and successful football coach was quoted in the press recently somewhat as follows:

"The biggest menace to college football to-day is the yelping alumni. A team must win. A coach must turn out a winning team or the Roman mob turns thumbs down and off comes his head. The more idealistic things of football, such as manhood, character, and ability to stand punishment, are almost lost sight of in the everlasting cry of 'our team must win.'"

Where does Grange come in on this? Simply by furnishing good, hot copy for the newspapers, so that all who read must know that Grange is exchanging his football ability into coin of the realm. Money, money, money! Football, football, football! These two words are being linked together in such an emphatic way that the "yelping alumni" must surely give pause and consider a few basic principles of college athletic As far as the yelping alumni are concerned, to win or not to win is *not* the question. Not by a whole car-load of diplomas! To *win* is the *only* question!

Why the Team Must Win

CAN any one conversant with college sports deny that college football has been perverted? Can any one learn of the salaries paid to coaches, trainers, and other staff officers without wondering where the money comes from and why? What's a few thousand dollars spent on equipment, special Pullman cars, or anything else believed necessary for the ease and comfort of the football squad? What's mere money, anyway, when the yelping alumni, aided and abetted by rabid undergraduates, must be satisfied? The team must win, mustn't it?

The faculty, usually headed by some man whose chief job is to secure funds, stands by in helpless amazement as college football continues to overshadow other college activities, including the old-fashioned one of imparting learning to the students. Many among the faculty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are openly in favor of the win-at-any-price policy. Those who are not keep their own counsel lest curses be heaped upon their heads. To be sure, several notable exceptions to this statement are matters of record, but no concerted faculty war has ever been waged against the perversion of college football.

Halfback Grange is a quite natural evolution of the college football system. He is simply the forerunner of other star players who will join professional teams. A star football player is glorified, deified, and his true importance on the campus magnified until all sense of values is lost. Why not? The team must win, musn't it? Then is the star player to be blamed for carrying on his good work after leaving school?

Playing professional football is not dishonorable, and if Grange's college training best fitted him for carrying a pigskin before the admiring eyes of his fellow-students why should he not keep on carrying the pigskin before the equally admiring eyes of those who never attended a college? Is the money paid in at the ticket window by college students and alumni any less negotiable than money paid in by those who never shouted themselves hoarse for good old Alma Mater?

If those who condemn Halfback Grange, a clean exponent of the game, for entering professional ranks will intelligently consider all aspects of present-day college football, they surely must place the blame upon the system now prevailing in college athletics rather than upon the pupil and product of that system.

That Ambitious Youngster

LET us take the case of a youngster entering a big college. He is filled with ambition to play football. Let us assume he came from a high school where he had played a fairly good game with his school team. He reports for the freshman squad along with fifty other boys. The coaches look over the squad, and learn that many of the boys came from preparatory and high schools which boast of winning teams. Some have been especially urged to come to this particular college because they were considered excellent high school players. The players who possess good reputations are quickly singled out for the attention of the coaching staff. Our boy from the non-winning high school is shunted aside with the majority of others who are not considered worthy of much, if any, attention. In a few days after practice begins he is told, along with many others, to turn in his suit. But he is still filled with ambition to play football, and makes a protest.

"Why can't I stay on the squad?" he asks.

"We have enough material without you—players who made reputations with high school teams. We must spend our time developing them for next year's varsity." That's the answer he gets.

If he protests some more, he is given a highly beneficial lecture on how to be a freshman and how he should be glad to submerge his own identity in the major effort of turning out a winning team. So his football career is ended unless he cares to play on class teams in a hit-or-miss fashion without proper training or supervision. And only in a few colleges are class teams available for him to play with. Generally speaking, his football playing ends at the moment he is told to turn in his suit so that the coaching staff can concentrate on the potential stars.

Do you see what I am driving at? *The boys who actually need the coaching and the physical and mental development don't get it!* The stalwarts who need it least get all of it! That's why I say that football in colleges has been perverted.

Give Them All a Chance

WHAT'S the remedy? Well, that recent meeting of college representatives at Middletown, Connecticut, came near the solution when they adopted resolutions favoring a four-game schedule with neighboring colleges of similar prowess at the game. But I should go even further than that. I should recommend that the coaching staff organize as many campus teams as possible at the beginning of each season, without regard to the previous year's varsity. Games between these teams should be played as often as playing-field facilities would permit. Let the coaches supervise these games, arranging the teams so that they will be evenly matched. Give every boy who wants to play the benefit of coaching and training. Keep these campus teams playing until the first of November. Keep out in front the idealistic things about football—the courage it takes to lose as well as to win. Let the game develop manhood and character, as it so easily can.

Around the first of November let the head coach make his selections for the varsity, which would thus be a varsity in fact as well as in name. Those students not selected for the varsity squad should be urged to continue playing on the campus teams. But even though the campus teams be disbanded, every student will have had his chance to play the game whether he is good enough for the varsity or not—and will be a better man because of this chance. Those selected for the varsity squad would be given final drills and welded into a team—not a highly polished machine whose only object is to win and advertise the college, but a team which will play for the game's sake, regardless of how many thousand spectators have paid money to see the stars perform.

My fanciful team is now ready to play two or three games on successive Saturdays in November. *Let these games be played with natural rivals only!* Each college has its own dearest enemy. Let the final game be between these best-loved rivals. Play these few games only on campus fields. Stop once and for all the ceaseless grind of training and the long trips. Stop making Roman holidays for the mob and the mob's golden tribute!

Keep scholastic requirements high for those finally chosen for the varsity. Put football back into its original place in the scheme of college things. Show the public that colleges are institutions of learning, after all, and that athletics are conducted not for the sole benefit of a few stalwart students who can win, but, on the contrary, for all students who stand in need of intelligent coaching, training, and physical and mental development.

Let's Kill a Custom

JUST one thing more. Now that Walter Camp has passed on, let's stop this nonsense of choosing "All-American" teams, or any other kind of "All" teams. Walter Camp and All-American teams were synonymous. There is no one to take his place, as the 1925 selections so readily demonstrated. Even the gifted Walter Camp, during the last ten years of his life, must have realized that picking All-American teams was a superhuman task, and that his selections did not meet with favor everywhere. So let's be reasonable and stop this peculiarly American brand of nonsense.

I hope this criticism of the greatest college game ever devised will provoke discussion. For by free discussion the friends of the game can help along the good work started by Halfback Grange. The yelping alumni need not fear professionalism if college football will cleanse itself.

Let's get back to normalcy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hook-Up

Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

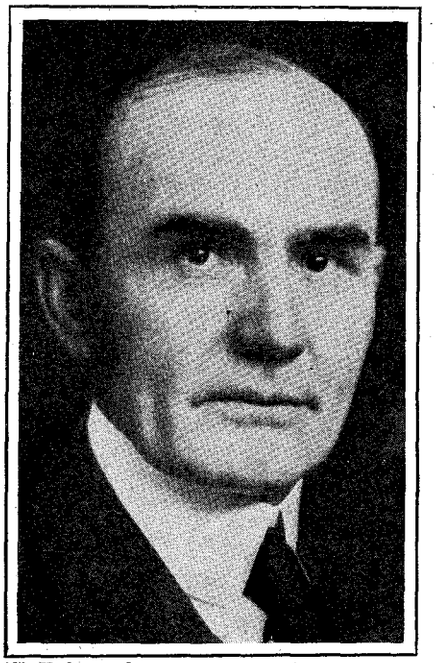
THE robin roosting in a cedar thicket does not know that Walter G. Campbell protects him from sudden death at the hands of the pot hunter. The cow, taking a long trip by train, does not know that Campbell is responsible for her getting off the train at least once in twenty-eight hours, eating, drinking, and having room to move around for the space of five hours. And the woman putting the roast to parboil on the gas range in the ninth floor back of a city tenement-house—or on the first floor of a city palace, for that matter—does not know that Campbell has guaranteed, with the United States Government back of the guaranty, the wholesomeness of the meat she is preparing to feed to her family. In short, about ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons in the United States never heard the name of this Campbell, know nothing about him.

But there are some who do know. The food or drug manufacturer, for instance, jolly well knows that it is Walter G. Campbell who will land him in jail and confiscate his goods if he puts out an impure article or brands his product as anything it is not. The speculator, dreaming of a million to be made in cotton futures in Wall Street, knows it is Campbell who will get him if he trades unfairly.

Let me introduce Mr. Walter G. Campbell. He is a Government worker of about middling rank. In his own Department—that of Agriculture—there are two men who outrank him and four who rank with him. His title is Director of Regulatory Work. He enforces forty-four Federal laws. I think the number is forty-four. It was the last time I checked up on it, but enforcement jobs are loaded on Campbell's shoulders with such frequency that even if I checked up to-day I could not guarantee the accuracy of the figures when this article is printed. And those laws are of such importance that, I believe, every family is affected by one or another of them every day.

IT would have been more seemly, more conventionally proper, to begin this article on the Department of Agriculture by speaking of Secretary W. M. Jardine; but at least twelve persons in each hundred know that name, know that Jardine is a member of the President's Cabinet and head of a department in Washington that has something to do with the farmers. By starting with Campbell, instead of Jardine, I hope I have challenged the most stupendous of all misconceptions in the American mind concerning the American Government.

Despite a pretty general notion clear to the contrary, the Department of Agriculture is probably the most powerful department in Washington, the one that can do the most good when it goes right, the one that could do the most harm if it ever should go wrong. Certainly it is the one closest in touch with the greatest



(C) Underwood

W. M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture

number of people—not farmers and farm families merely, but all classes of people, for not an inch more than half its work has to do directly with agriculture.

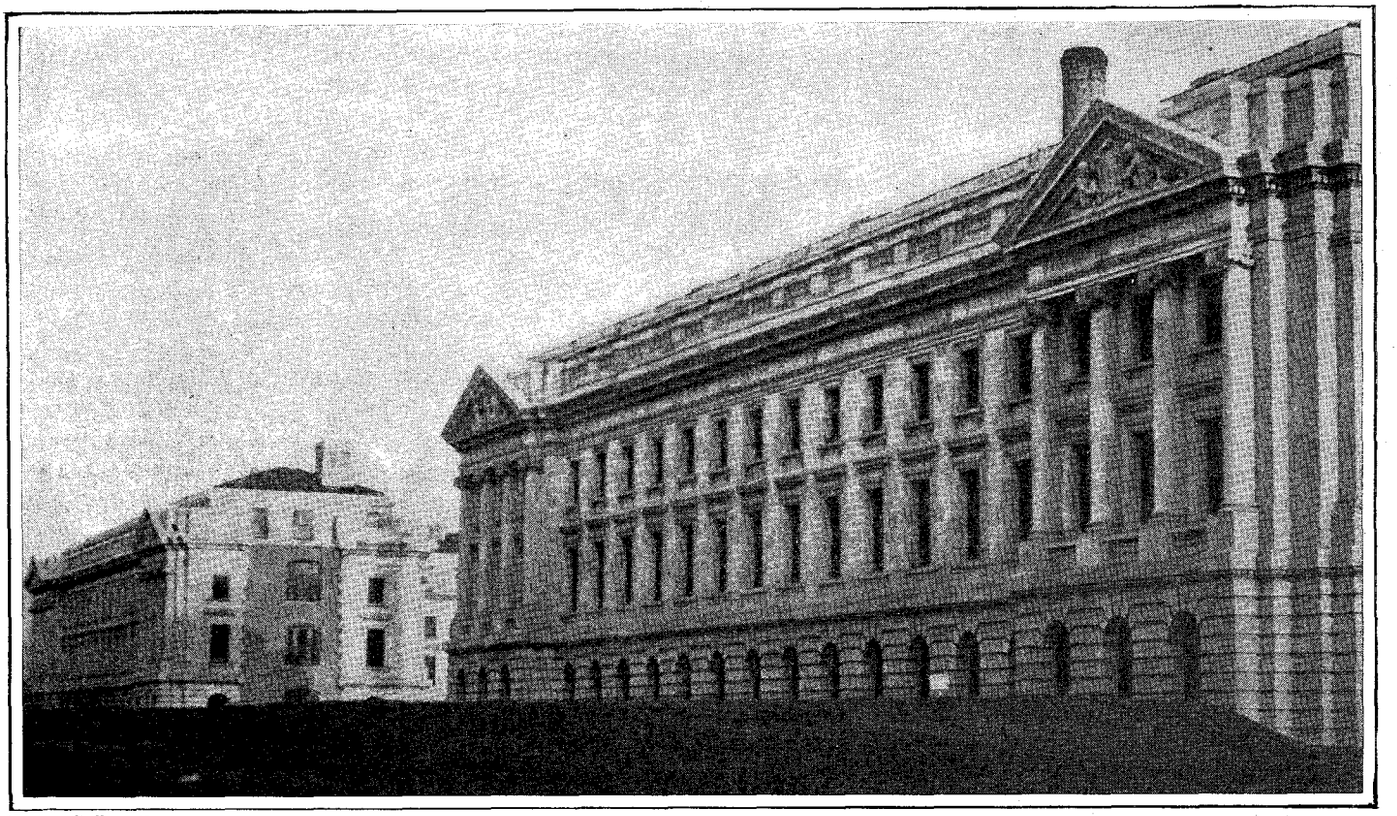
That last statement may require proof. The proof lies in a question—How big is a community? Of course, there is no answer. No two are the same size. But suppose we say that the average community would be four miles square—would contain sixteen square miles. On that basis there would be 225,000 communities in the United States. And the number of Department of Agriculture workers scattered throughout the country is sufficient to place one of them in each of these communities, with some 10,000 left over for roving commissions. This hypothetical situation does not differ greatly from the actual situation. Practically, there is a representative of the Department of Agriculture in every community, both rural and urban, with some odd thousands of traveling representatives who cover the country or large sections of it. Not all of them are regularly paid employees, but, none the less, their work tends to put all the people of the United States in touch with the Department of Agriculture.

WHO are they, this force that almost doubles our standing army, and how do they affect other than purely agricultural communities?

We may pass over as pure ruralites the thousands of crop reporters, though the effect of their work is felt on every board of trade. But we cannot thus handle the other thousands of weather observers, for they are as likely to have their rain gauges on top of city sky-scrapers as on barns. We may pass over the farm demonstration agents, who instruct the farmer in his fields, but we may not pass over the home demonstration agents, for they help the woman in the closet-kitchen of the city apartment equally with the woman in the spacious kitchen of the farm. And there are whole classes of employees who are entirely city dwellers. There are the inspectors on duty in all of the meat-packing plants whose products go into inter-State commerce. There are market inspectors of various kinds, cotton classers, grain graders, port inspectors. No place in the United States is so completely urban as to have in it no official agricultural workers, and no place is so remote or so rugged as to be without them. Those parts of the Rocky Mountains where no crops are grown and where no cities are—forest rangers tramp their rugged ridges every day. Those little spits of sand and those sinuous bars far off the coasts, barren and awash with salt waves—birds are there whose carcasses or plumage is coveted, and so the pot hunter is there, and so, also, is the game warden whose duty it is to enforce the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Those long border reaches where nothing grows but almost impenetrable thickets of chaparral—but a greaser may choose that as the place for slipping into the United States, a pillow of unginned cotton under his arm and larvæ of the pink boll-worm in the cottonseed. And so a plant quarantine officer is there to meet him.

There is no place in the United States where the workers of the Department of Agriculture do not go. But we need not follow them in their important, often romantic, not infrequently hazardous, occupations. Having shown that their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ewing Galloway

The home of the Department of Agriculture. A central building to connect the two wings shown in this picture has been authorized by Congress

activities affect all classes of people, we may return to Washington, where all of the work "heads up" on the desks of some four thousand employees who make up what is commonly thought of as the Department of Agriculture.

There are in the Department twenty-two bureaus—no less bureaus because one is called "service," another "board," another "office." This is more than twice as many bureaus as any other department has. Many of them are purely agricultural in their nature—such, for instance, as the Bureaus of Animal Industry, Plant Industry, Dairying. Some are agricultural only in a secondary sense of the word—such as the Forest Service. Some serve agriculture no whit more than they serve industry and commerce—such as the Weather Bureau and the Bureau of Public Roads. Some, like the Bureau of Entomology and the Bureau of Biological Survey, have to do with insects and animals, good and bad, whose ministrations and depredations help or hurt all classes of people pretty much the same. There is one, that of Agricultural Economics, which is purely a business bureau, and, while it approaches business from the farm side, its work affects all business. There is one, the Bureau of Home Economics, which is purely a home-making bureau, functioning hardly more for the farm than for the city home.

So widely does the work of these bureaus range that between some of them there is no similarity, except this single essential similarity—that all of them are engaged in research work along scientific lines. Among most of them there is one other similarity. They have regulatory duties. Laws, enacted by Congress, are given into their hands for enforcement. Many of them have also educational functions. In some the research feature predominates, in others the regulatory, in still others the educational. One, the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory, has a single definite scientific problem to solve, and has no other duties. Others, such as the Packers and Stockyards Administration and the Grain Futures Administration, have each a single law to administer. One, the Office of Co-operative Extension Work, has as its sole duty the carrying to the public of the knowledge gained by the research bureaus.

Here is, perhaps, the most colossal aggregation in the whole world of governmental machinery engineered by a single man. There are other machines as big, but they are single machines, their wheels revolving for the most part in the same direction. This is a collection of machines designed for a diversity of work, but all hooked up with the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, all stopped and started and speeded up and slowed down by a single hand.

If there is a job in the Government that by the stupendous proportions of it ought to work a man to death, that job is the Secretaryship of Agriculture.

Yet truthful men who are in intimate touch with him vouch for the fact that Secretary Jardine does not sign, on the average, more than ten letters a day. The mail from the Department of Agriculture bulks so large as to have been for years the despair of the postal service, as to have inspired in the minds of Congressmen and others plans for revoking the franking privilege and by some means making the Department pay the postage on its letters. Almost innumerable letters touching the work of all of the twenty-two bureaus are addressed to the Secretary. In the article of this series treating of the work of the White House mention was made of the great flood of letters addressed to the President but shunted out through the various chutes to the executive departments. Perhaps a fifth of all these letters are shunted to the Secretary of Agriculture. And he writes—or, at least, signs—ten letters a day.

This astounding economy of executive energy is possible because there is a double hook-up between the bureaus and the Secretary.

The chiefs of bureaus and the directors of work get the letters as they are sifted down, sift them still further down the line to their division and section chiefs, and, finally, the greater part of the four thousand workers in Washington have a part in answering the letters whose writers expected replies from the Secretary of Agriculture. Mostly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are better written than if the Secretary had written them himself—not that the four thousand men and women are better letter writers than Mr. Jardine, but that they are specialists on almost four thousand phases of the Department's work and have devoted their lives each to his or her own specialty.

The bureau chiefs are, in a large way, the powers of the Department of Agriculture—impregnable fortresses, it has sometimes been thought. Mostly, they are men who have come up from the ranks through long service in the various bureaus. Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, has been in that Bureau for forty-seven years. Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, has been with that Bureau for thirty-six years, and for forty-eight years he has been in the same line of work. Other chiefs have not served quite so long, but, with possibly two exceptions, they have been for long periods in the Department. Most of them have personally trained their key men. A chief is a Civil Service employee, not ordinarily subject to removal. When a man attains to a chiefship, he ordinarily settles into it for life, because it is the work to which he had long before dedicated his life. He lays out a program that will require a lifetime to carry out, proceeds to carry it out, and is not much swerved from it by Secretaries or Congresses or even Presidents. Congress has sometimes threatened to interrupt their programs by cutting off their appropriations, but no such threat has ever been carried out. The chiefs are big chiefs; but they are not always invincible chiefs, as Secretary Jardine proved when he sent Dr. H. C. Taylor packing from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

That is an unpleasant duty now well behind the Secretary of Agriculture. With the twenty-two chiefs now on the jobs he works in the closest sort of co-operation. Secretary Jardine realizes—as not all Secretaries have realized—that no one man can be a specialist in all branches of human knowledge, or even of agricultural knowledge. He could himself qualify as a specialist in agronomy and, to a lesser degree, in economics. But he leaves the specialties to the specialists who have grown up with them in the Department.

THE other half of the double hook-up may be even more important than that with the chiefs in conserving the energy of the Secretary and leaving him, as much as may be, free to devote his attention to questions of policy.

The second half of the hook-up is with a set of men who might be called specialists on specialties. There are five of them—the Director of Scientific Work, the Director of Regulatory Work, the Director of Extension Work, the Director of Information, and the Director of Personnel and Business Administration. They rank in departmental organization next to the Assistant Secretary, and in actual significance of work performed are decidedly more important. The position of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture has frequently been, more than any other in the Government, similar to that of Vice-President. Only occasionally, when a man of exceptional personality held the position, has it performed a distinctive service.

The directors of work are the real administrators between the Secretary and the chiefs of bureaus. The system is comparatively new, begun under Houston, developed under Meredith and Wallace, perfected under Jardine. It was never complete and in generally good working order until after the advent of the last named. It follows naturally, therefore, that Jardine is in better position than any of his predecessors were to keep his time free from deadening details and devote it to the big problems of his position. Perhaps this is equivalent to saying that Jardine is more the executive than any of the others was. That, at least, is what his friends say.

WHEN Mr. Houston was Secretary of Agriculture, the real beginning was made toward the development of that now elaborate machinery for assisting the farmers to market their products to the best advantage. Mr. Houston called it "the other half of agriculture." Up to that time practically the whole effort had been along the line of assisting the farmer to raise bigger animals and get larger yields from his fields. At about the time that emphasis began to be placed on "the other half of agriculture" somebody in the Department—I have always egotistically believed that it was I—said that making two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is a fine sentiment but mighty poor agriculture, unless there is a market for the second blade.

That matter of finding the market for the second blade or, failing that, of preventing the growing of the second blade is to-day the bigger part of the job of the Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Jardine has approached it in a way somewhat new. Those who believe in Government price fixing, Government regulation of production, Government-controlled export corporations, and the like say it is a way somewhat wrong. Those who do not believe in those things say it is a way eminently practical.

Secretary Jardine has been since he came into the position energetically trying to put himself in touch with the key problems, and the key men in agriculture—and in other lines of work that may aid agriculture—and then to attack specific problems in a definite way. He is in endless, and almost ceaseless, conference with the specialists in his own Department. But he is in almost ceaseless consultation, too, with every-day people. His effort is, not to work out a solution himself, and then try to make people accept it, but to work out with the people concerned a plan that will meet their needs and be acceptable to them.

HERE is an example of the way Jardine works.

When the frost had just begun to lie on the pumpkin and the fodder was not wholly in the shock, it became a matter of common knowledge that the corn growers of Iowa were ruined by prosperity. While the crop in many sections of the country was hard hit by drought, nature had showered a bountiful crop on Iowa. There was not too much corn, but too large a proportion of it was in Iowa. The price slumped. Unless the farmers could get money to tide them over while they held their corn for orderly marketing, they were ruined. And the banks of Iowa were not able to advance the money, though they, along with the farmers, faced ruin if the corn was dumped on the market.

Secretary Jardine sent a man from his own Department and one from the Federal Reserve Board out to Iowa to investigate. They came back to Washington and reported the situation as they found it—as it is briefly outlined in the preceding paragraph. The Secretary consulted with his specialists. He had a miniature conference with officials of the Treasury and of the Federal Reserve Board. Then he called a conference, to be held in Chicago, of farmers, bankers, Federal officials, and others interested. Two credit associations were organized, under the provisions of the Intermediate Credit Act, financed by money from outside of Iowa, for assisting the corn growers of Iowa to hold their corn until the market should be ready to take it in an orderly manner.

Within ten days after the return of the two investigators from Iowa the credit associations were in operation.

There is plenty of work for a Secretary of Agriculture to do even when he signs only ten letters a day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

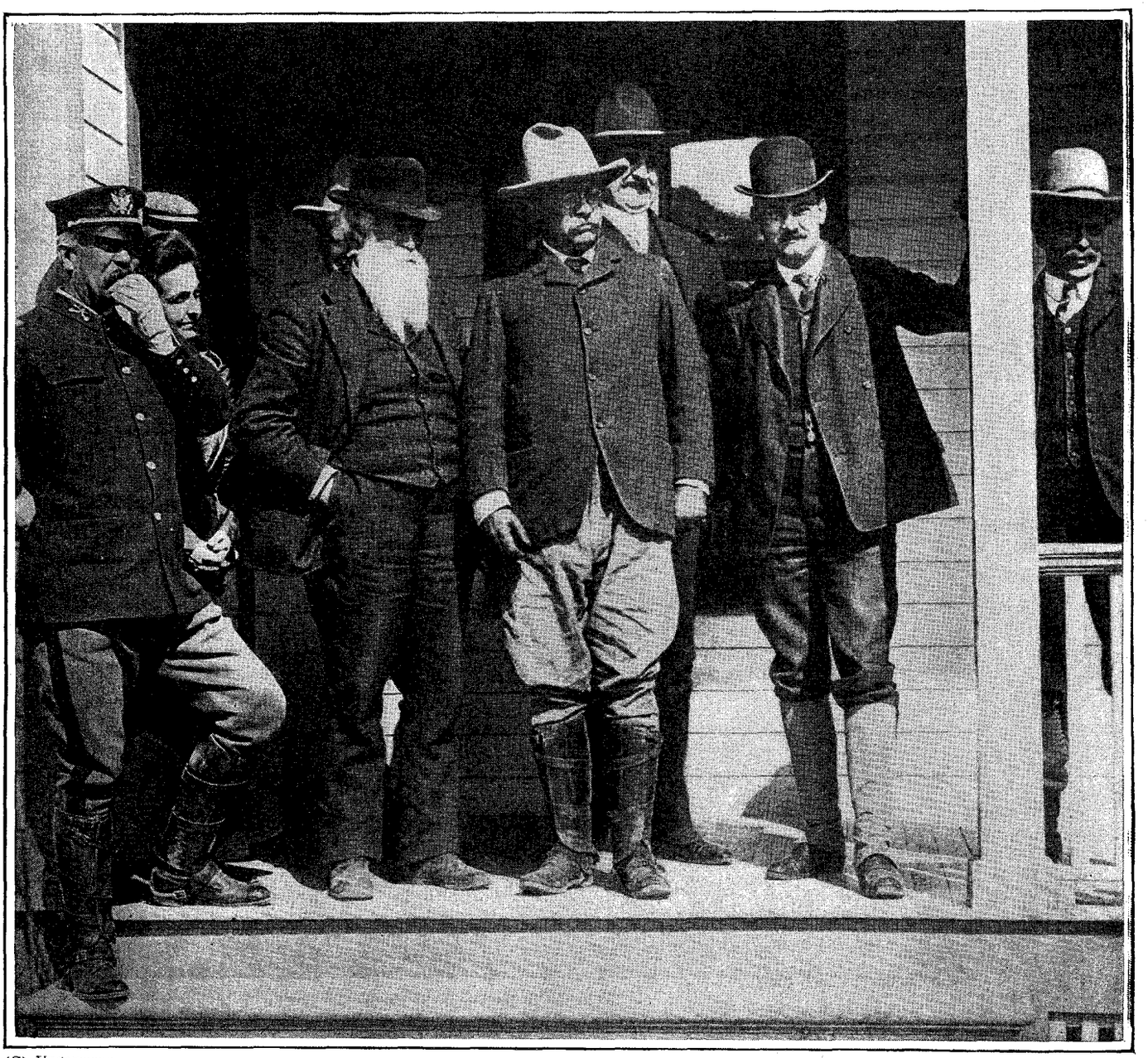
President Roosevelt in the Yellowstone

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

In which an old guide tells of a great man who is still the companion of his thoughts

WHILE I was in Yellowstone Park at the latter end of July, 1925, I halted at Camp Roosevelt long enough to write the series of articles upon the international conference at Honolulu which have already appeared in The Outlook. The place is named Camp Roosevelt because near by John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt made their camp in the month of April, 1903. It is a location of great interest and charm, with a wide view of the Yellowstone hills and sky. The spirit of the dynamic President still abides about the camp. The wrangler, the rangers, the managers, and many of the guests are the sort of persons who like the way Roosevelt did things. They are his kind. The first night I was there the whole crowd gathered around the fireplace and insisted upon hearing all I had to say about his life and qualities. I think they squeezed everybody dry on this theme who ever knew him at all.

The camp is made up of a long central room, with a big fireplace at each end, where the guests foregather socially and take their meals; and each guest has his own tent or log cabin outside, in lines radiating from the main building. Down where I slept, at the end of the line, it was so quiet after night fell that I know now what Whittier meant by "the silence of eternity." I think nothing snores or peeps or barks or cries up in that country after dark. While I was at the camp I heard that Jimmie McBride, the guide of John Burroughs and President Roosevelt in 1903, was still living the life of a



(C) Underwood

Colonel Roosevelt and John Burroughs on their celebrated trip to Yellowstone Park

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranger recluse about fifteen or twenty miles up in the hills, and was an interesting character in himself and devoted to the memory of his friend Teddy. So I asked the superintendent of the Park to have him come down. He met us by arrangement one morning on one of the trout streams half-way, and I let the others fish while I talked with Jimmie. He hadn't been down out of the hills for two months. He lives alone, and likes it. He is now in the sixties—a shrewd blue-eyed Irishman with high-pitched voice, still clear-visioned and sturdy. He was once an Indian fighter on the plains.

WHEN Roosevelt and Burroughs came to the Park in 1903, McBride was the Chief Ranger. Roosevelt had seen him once the year before. The President came in on the first train that ever ran into Gardner, and not only mounted cavalrymen, majors, and other officers, and scouts, but the Governor of Montana—Roosevelt's old friend Carter, afterwards United States Senator—and a considerable part of the population of the State were present. Governor Carter is the man of whom Roosevelt used to tell the fetching story of campaigning in Montana, and how, after a political meeting, he and Carter were walking along a narrow wooden sidewalk in the town when a great burly Swede suddenly lurched out of a saloon and began coming down the wooden walk towards them, covering both sides of it. Carter happened to be an Irishman, and Roosevelt, of course, was a Dutchman; and this burly Swede as he rolled along the walk towards them, eventually crowding them off entirely, was singing at the top of his lungs:

Oh, the Irish and the Dutch,
They don't amount to much,
But hoo-raw for the Scandinoo-vi-oo!

Ever thereafter when Roosevelt and Carter met, even in the executive chamber at Washington, they were accustomed to join hands and dance around the room singing this ditty at the top of their voices.

THE day when the Roosevelt party came into Gardner there was such a crush around the train that nobody could get out of it, and the army officer in control, rather than have the military interfere, called to McBride, who was in the crowd and knew the kind of people he had to deal with, to come up on the platform and try his hand at holding the crowd back. Roosevelt recognized him at once from their acquaintance of the year before, and, with a grin, said: "Hello, Mac! You can get them to stand back." This started things right for McBride. And then another incident happened which helped. Roosevelt insisted on riding a horse at once, but John Burroughs with some others started forward in a stage-coach. The horses on the coach suddenly bolted as soon as they were started, and ran away. The major called to McBride, who was on horseback, to overtake and stop them, which he promptly did. This evidently attracted Roosevelt's good will also, because presently he said, "Mac, isn't that a herd of mountain sheep up there on that hill?"

McBride said, "Yes, Mr. President, it is."

"I want to see them," said Roosevelt. "Let's go up there by ourselves." And off they rode immediately, and McBride told me that Roosevelt sat down in the midst of the sheep and studied them for an hour and a quarter.

There were two characters among the Government scouts who began to look green-eyed at McBride. One of them was the "Duke of Hell-Roaring," as he had been named locally, a foreigner with some political pull, who was, I believe, chief of the scouts. Another was "Buffalo Jones." The next morning, when they were starting out for the day, with a considerable crowd around, Roosevelt spied McBride, and called to him:

"Mac, aren't you going along to-day?"

And Mac replied, "I don't know, Mr. President. I haven't any orders."

Roosevelt turned to the army officer and said: "I think I would like to have McBride go along. He seems to know a lot about this country."

All of which was evidently gall and wormwood to the "Duke of Hell-Roaring" and "Buffalo Jones," the latter of whom unwisely threatened McBride with the loss of his job in a tone so loud that Roosevelt caught it. Later, when Roosevelt got an opportunity to do so quietly, he said to McBride, "I see you're in trouble, Mac, already." The President took his time to help in the revenge. "Buffalo Jones" had arranged a mountain-lion party for the President, which turned out unsuccessfully. During the hunt Jones's hounds had been lost in the mountains, and the next morning Roosevelt said to McBride in Jones's hearing: "Mac, I think you had better take a day off and go out and help Jones find his hounds. They couldn't find any lions yesterday, and now Jones can't find the dogs!"

Another Jones, named Bill, was then living in the Park, a man who had been sheriff in South Dakota in the 'eighties of the nineteenth century, when Roosevelt lived on his ranch. Roosevelt wanted to see him. It took two or three days to get Jones sobered up and fit for the prospect, but he finally turned up, and immediately started the conversation.

"Well, Teddy, you have got a blank of a good job since I saw you last," and, pulling a flask out of his pocket, he offered the President a drink.

"No, thank you," said the President. "Bill, there are a lot of fellows who could fill this job just as well as I can, if they could only get the chance. You could long ago have filled a bigger job than you have if you had let whisky alone."

Bill laughed. "Oh, it tastes pretty good, just the same, as it passes down my throat. Say, Teddy," said he, "do you remember when the buckskin pony threw you over the corral fence?"

"Sh-h-h!" said the President. "Bill, you mustn't give me away like that!"

THE driver of the sled on which the President was touring some of the roads in this month of April died suddenly during the night. At breakfast the army major was quite wrought up about it, and said to McBride: "Now we mustn't tell the President. It would upset him and spoil his trip."

"Well, Major, I think there'll be hell to pay if we don't tell him and he finds it out," said McBride.

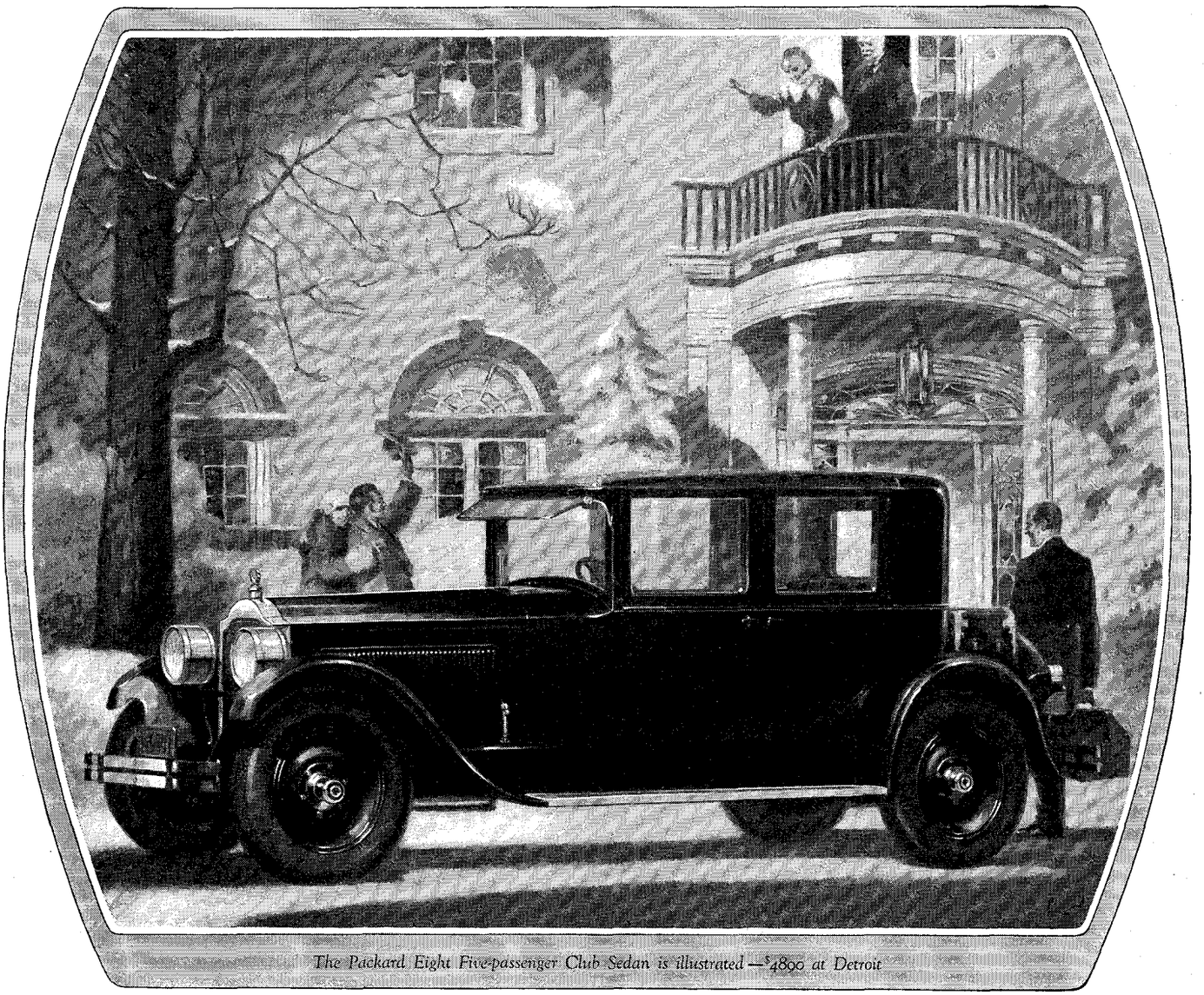
There was a door swinging into another room in which the President was eating his breakfast, and he caught a bit of the conversation.

"What's the trouble, Mac?" he called.

Mac told him, and the President got up immediately from the table. "That's tough," said he. "The most we can do is to pay our respects to him." And he walked half a mile in snow up to his hips to the house. Then he took Mac aside and said: "Mac, go with the body to Gardner, and find out about his relatives and where the body is to be shipped; and, whatever the cost of it is, send the bill to me, and don't say anything to anybody about it."

Up in the canyon Mac and the President put on skis together. The President said, "I can beat you in a race!" and they started down the incline. At the first jump the weight of the President smashed his pair of skis to pieces. This led Roosevelt to ask how many pairs of skis they had up there in the winter for the rangers and the scouts. Looking into the matter, they found they had very few, not enough to go around. "Well, I'll see how much influence I have with this Administration," said the President. And every fall thereafter, as long as he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Packard Eight Five-passenger Club Sedan is illustrated—$4890 at Detroit

Born in the Lap of Luxury

PACKARD was born in the lap of luxury.

The first Packard was built by a wealthy man for his own use.

The next one went to a friend and then others to the friends of friends.

Soon a rich man's hobby became a business—an ever-growing business.

And never having known poverty, Packard never learned to substitute or cut corners. The best was always available and always used.

In twenty-five years this maker of one car has grown to be the largest builder of truly fine cars in all the world.

In the early days the possession of a Packard indicated social position. Today, it denotes that and more—good business judgment.

Both the Packard Eight and the Packard Six are available in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard dealers will be glad to explain the Packard monthly-payment plan which is available to purchasers of either Six or Eight.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Please mention The Outlook when writing to the PACKARD MOTOR COMPANY

PROPERTY OF THE PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was President, a hundred pairs of skis came into camp for the soldiers and the rangers.

"I never saw him afterwards," said McBride, "but nobody ever came in from Washington through whom the President didn't send his greetings to 'Mac.'"

It is a simple chapter in the life of Roosevelt. McBride knew, and everybody knew who met him, that a great human being had passed that way; and it is the recollection of those days in 1903 which the old guide now thinks most about in his lonely life away back in the Yellowstone country, with only his horse for company. After he was through talking with us we urged him to stay at the camp a while, for the sake of the change.

"Oh, no," said he. "I guess I'll go back to the ranch as soon as I can get somebody to give me a lift part way into the hills."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

THE BODY IN THE SHAFT. By R. F. Foster. The Siebel Publishing Corporation, New York. $2.

A well-thought-out detective story. The gruesome title need not disturb the most nervous reader, for one cares no more about this *corpus delicti* than if it were a bag of cement. The reporter-detective is a wonder at deduction, not so miraculous as the famous Sherlock, but closer in reasoning power. The author scorns to detrack his readers by false clues, yet he constructs a mystery unguessable until he chooses to explain it.

THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

"The man's hair was *en brosse*, standing straight on end as Loge's used to do in the old pre-war Bayreuth 'Ring.' It was, like Loge's, a flaming red, short, harsh, instantly arresting. . . . For the rest this interesting figure had a body round, short and fat like a ball. Over his protruding stomach stretched a white waistcoat with three little plain black buttons. The color of his face had an unnatural pallor, something like the clown in Pagliacci, or again like one of Benda's masks. . . . The eyebrows were so faint as to be scarcely visible. The mouth in the white of the face was a thin hard red scratch."

This is the portrait of Crispin, the man with red hair, in Hugh Walpole's latest fantasy, for it isn't a novel. It is a thrilling macabre story of suppressed horror, ghostly towers, torture, and escape through the fog. There is no psychological meaning nor elaborate allegory in the thing, as Walpole himself is only too quick to admit in his Introduction.

The only literary stunt in the entire book, albeit that is a magnificent one, lies in the description of Crispin himself. Hugh Walpole seems to have been much impressed with America on his recent visit. The hero is an art-loving American from Oregon, and if you will but re-read the opening paragraph you must agree that Crispin, the "Man With Red Hair," is none other than our old friend Jiggs of "Bringing Up Father." Jiggs, boon companion of Dinty Moore, lover of corned beef and cabbage, eternally bound to Maggie the wife, is the physical shell into which Walpole has poured the character of this mad sadist with his etchings and his jade, his torture chamber and faithful brooding son.

It is a notable *tour de force*, for never once does the figure seem incongruous or the story descend to bathos. Here is indeed a book for a winter evening. Would there were more of its caliber!

SHELTER. By Charles F. Marsh. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A sound and sincere novel. The story is an excellent piece of local color as to the English Norfolk coast, near Yarmouth, where the fisherfolk still say "bor" and "mawther" just as the Peggottys did in "David Copperfield." It has three principal characters, each notably well presented—created, one may say, not just sketched. Why Phœbe quickly married Ezra, her backward, not very young, suitor, after Bob, her fiancé, was sent to jail for killing a man in anger, and what came from the secret long after she had accepted the "Shelter" of Ezra's farm, make an engrossing situation, one that requires for its development knowledge of human nature and sympathy with hard-pressed, imperfect, yet honest-hearted men and women. Mr. Marsh has qualities that are by no means common among writers of fiction.

Biography

ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER AND FENWAY COURT. By Morris Carter. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

The life of Mrs. Jack Gardner and the history of the museum of art which she bequeathed to the public. Her temper, her whimsicalities, her insolences, and her benefactions are all given some mention in this book; there are portraits of her by great artists and photographs of the inside and outside of the museum. A century hence this irascible old lady, who kept half a dozen fluttering young æsthetes in attendance, will be forgotten and the great lover of art will be remembered. A benefactor of her country; something of a genius, and, like many geniuses, rather impossible as a neighbor.

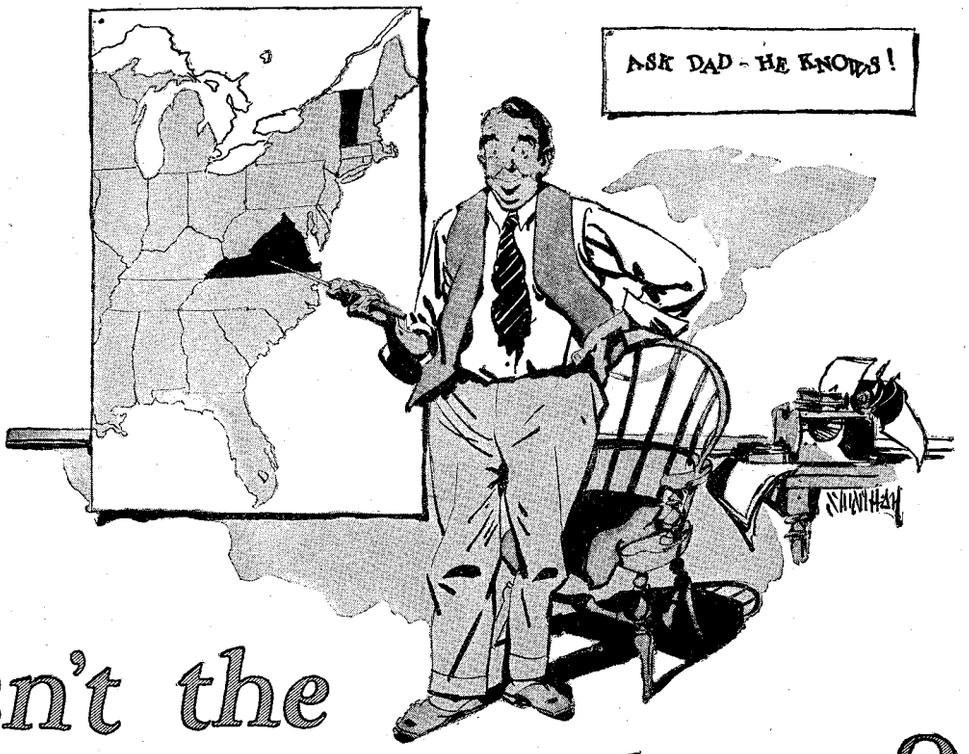
RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS R. MARSHALL: A HOOSIER SALAD. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

The autobiography of a remarkable, almost a unique man, the late Vice-President. A politician with a sense of humor! A party man who can say that he *once* thought that "to be a Democrat was to be an honest man, and to be a Republican was to be a crook." Mr. Marshall also writes: "Of all hypocritical lovers of peace, the pacifist belongs in the thirty-third degree." Mr. Marshall's was a strange and wholesome figure; he acknowledged, after the war began, that he was ashamed he had ever been neutral. His chief never reached that height of honesty. Let us have more Tom Marshalls.

JOHN S. SARGENT: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By William Howe Downes. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $8.

"That the story of his life is to be read in his works, is a truism," writes William H. Downes in his life of Sargent, a handsome volume with forty-one illustrations of the artist's paintings. And of the 313 pages of the book, we find 106 given to Sargent's life and 207 to a list of his works with notes. The output left behind him numbered 950, outside of the murals in the Boston Public Library and the Art Museum, the latter—the last big commission he filled—heroic in design, but delicately done and exquisitely colored. Original, brilliant, and audacious, his first exhibited paintings in London so violated well-worn formulas that old-timers pronounced him a coxcomb. As a portraitist he was uneven—*en rapport* with one, out of touch with another. Contrasting opinions made him out "a monster of cynicism," a "paragon of kindliness;" he "read the souls of his sitters," he was "superficial;" he "probed their weaknesses," he was "chiefly con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If This isn't the National Blend,—What is?

By Irvin S. Cobb

IT'S ripening time down South. On gentle hillsides where soil conditions and climatic conditions are in proper tune with each other, the tobacco—the perfect native cigarette tobacco—is ready for harvesting. Under the blazing sun the matured plants have been taking on shape and tint. The blades have been broadening, growing rich with the strength of the earth. So now workers harvest the crop from the fields, and bear it to the barns for curing.

It is cured slowly by a heat that is regulated to match the weather. The result is such tobacco as no other part of the world yields—strong in perfume, gentle in flavor, alluring in color, and in texture like taffeta silk.

* * * * *

It's thawing time up North. The drifts in the valleys of the Green Mountains are shrinking. On warm melty days there's a taste of spring in the air. The first blue-bird is back to meet the chickadees

that have been away and the melody in his red breast makes him forget the frost-bite in his toes. They have tapped the maple trees. The clear sap drips into the pails. In the boiling pots this sweet juice, which is the very essence of the New England groves, is being turned into firm, brown cakes. It hasn't been dosed with chemicals, nor doctored with flavoring matter or coloring matter. It hasn't been cheapened with admixtures of any coarser sweetening. It's the honest maple syrup, unadulterated and perfect.

* * * * *

This year's maple sugar, with nothing added to it and nothing taken away, is brought to where the pick of the tobacco of three years ago or four or five even, has all this time been ageing naturally. It's vintage tobacco by now.

By a process which has had the endorsement of smokers all over the world for forty-seven years the prepared leaf is treated delicately with the pure sugar. That practically is all—just a mellowed, harmonious, aromatic, crusty mingling of the two F. F. V's—the Finest Flavor of Vermont, the Finished Fragrance of Virginia.

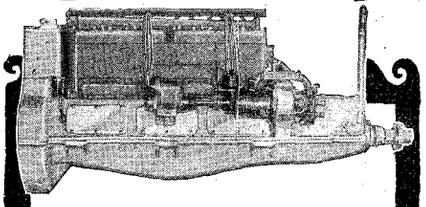
And you have the Sweet Caporal Cigarette. If Sweet Caporal isn't the true North-and-South blend, the real National Brand, what is?

Thank you. Irvin S. Cobb

P.S.—*I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KERMATH
BOAT ENGINES



The best all around marine motor in the market. That is what the best and foremost boat fans think of the Kermath.

Boat builders will tell you of Kermath's dependability—its economy—its ability to always get there and back without fuss, trouble or annoyance.

All Kermath motors are built to the most exacting stands in one of the most modern marine motor plants in the country.

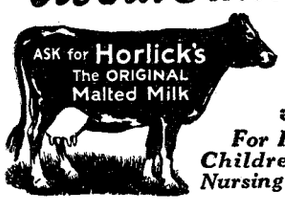
Write today for complete information and catalog

3 H.P. to 100 H.P.
$135 to $1450
f. o. b. Detroit

KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5887 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich. 11 E. Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.

A Kermath Always Runs

Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

"The Book Lovers' Corner"

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN BOOKS. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue, stating language desired. SCHOENHOF'S, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

cerned with externals." In painting his own portrait he had to act in the dual rôle of artist and sitter; and again the sitter resented the artist. The experience gave him the sitter's point of view, and it is to be noted that thereafter he began to pull away from the exactions of portraiture, definitely abandoning it in 1914. Yet at his death he had begun a portrait of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. "The world is inexorable in its demands upon successful specialists," observes Mr. Downe. It is his belief that Sargent eventually will take rank below the first-rate men, like Rembrandt and Titian, but higher than most of the British painters of the eighteenth century. Though born in Florence and living in London the greater part of his life, Sargent was a thorough American, a descendant of Epes Sargent, of Gloucester, Massachusetts; and his father, Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, though a surgeon in a Philadelphia hospital at the time of his marriage with Mary Newbold Singer, of that city, was of Gloucester and Boston.

IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER, GENERAL GRANT. By Jesse R. Grant, in collaboration with Henry Francis Granger. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

These engaging but exceedingly sketchy reminiscences reveal the grim and taciturn commander as a tender and indulgent parent. The son was often with his father at the front; at the age of five he rode a Shetland pony about the lines in front of Vicksburg, and the next year he was at City Point. It is the personal side of Grant that is stressed throughout. Even in the relation of the Bristow and the Belknap episodes it is Grant the man rather than Grant the statesman that is explained to us. One must regret that a similar explanation was not made of the President's treatment of Custer. The book closes somewhat abruptly with the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1880, when Grant was defeated for the nomination for a third term.

Poetry

MAY DAYS. An Anthology of Verse from Masses-Liberator. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Poetry, mostly published in the "Masses" or the "Liberator" from 1912–24. Most of the living American poets are represented, and there are many fine, spirited poems. Some of the poets write of love and nature, but most of them contribute biting verses about the capitalists and the military men. Of course, some of the bitingest are from poets who prudently absented themselves from the annoyance of military drill during 1917–18. What really bitter verses about military life some poets, like Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger, might have written if they had not been busy otherwise! And how severe upon their battalion commanders other writers might be if they were not hampered—as few of the "Masses" poets were—by a sense of humor. Political opinions permeate this volume; the kind of political opinion which sheds tears for youth killed in battle, but has never a tear for the poor old stodgy typesetters blown up by the bomb in the Los Angeles "Times" building. They were slaughtered for the "benefit" of Labor—and the murder of innocent men under these circumstances was never cause for sorrow in the "Masses" or the "Liberator." There is much wide, tolerant, Christian love for other nations (except our recent allies, the French and English, of course) in this anthology, but this is counteracted—lest the book should be sloppily sentimental—by plenty of sound, vigorous hatred for Americans.

Travel and Description

PARIS ON PARADE. By Robert Forrest Wilson. With 15 Illustrations from Paintings by A. G. Warshawsky. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

Paris, more than any other city, has always the air of being on parade, as if justly proud of her own beauty, and Mr. Wilson has caught the spirit of the city in more ways than one. Probably some of the most pleasurable research work in the world was done in preparing to write the chapter "An Apératif on the Terrace." It describes the Parisian café, which is mother, father, and sister if need be, to its customers. It is amusing to find among drinks that dazzle even in retrospect one called "grog Américain," the Frenchman's favorite guard against the inroads of a chilly winter. Why it is called "grog Américain" no man can say, since it is a drink never known in the United States, but every French bottle of it displays the Stars and Stripes on its label. Paris would not be familiar without some mention of the art of painting the lilies, and an absorbing part of the book is about clothes, cosmetics, perfumes, and other tricks of a charming trade. In this city of specialized trades there is the man who knows better than any other man how to mount stained lizard skin upon ivory for umbrella handles, and the man who carves the best dogs' heads out of boxwood. These craftsmen and others like them keep the secrets of their trade in the family, refusing to hire outsiders, and, despite a complete lack of advertising, the pathway to their doors is a well-beaten one. Naturally, Mr. Wilson has a chapter on "the bookshop crowd," and his insight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the literary foibles of some of the young Intellectuals is highly amusing. They are "different even if they have to drop their capital letters." Many things have passed in the last two decades, but the Apache, beloved of fiction and forever hunted by the *Brigade Speciale,* is still very much alive. The swift revenge of "Petit Louis" is a fascinating story that ends in a well-spilled pool of blood. The charm of the book is doubled by the characteristic and beautiful paintings of the city by A. G. Warshawsky, which are reproduced as illustrations. Mr. Warshawsky, familiarly known as "Buck" in the pages, is a talented American painter living in Paris whose work is widely known and often seen in exhibitions in this country.

Economics

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE: By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

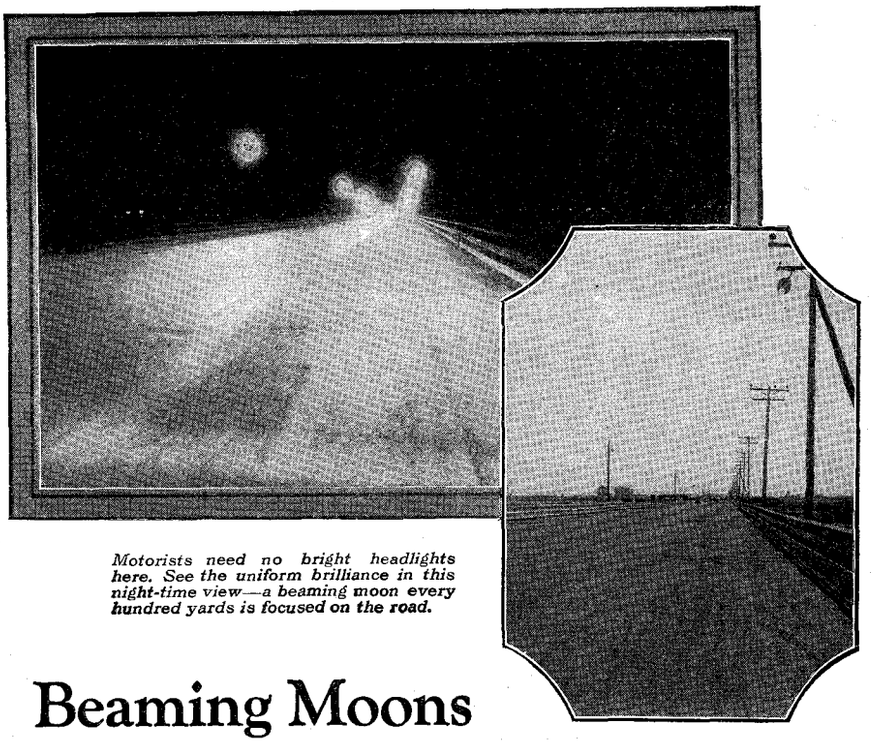
Dispassionately, with just the right amount of statistical citation, Mr. Chase develops his thesis, which, roughly stated, is that in current production in this country half the available man-power and half the raw materials used go to waste. He sees man-power wasted in three ways—the production of non-essentials, idleness, and bad technical methods. His standard for measuring waste is based on a functional conception of industry, a conception of industry as devoted primarily to supplying human wants, profits being a by-product. Of course, under the present economic scheme of things, goods are practically regarded as by-products of the process of making profits; and no doubt the majority are convinced that, human nature being what it is, that scheme of things must continue to the millennium. But, whatever the truth of that matter, all candid readers will concede that the functional conception affords an excellent basis for a discussion of wastes, and that Mr. Chase has conducted the discussion with masterly skill, with humor, and with elegance.

It is indeed a tragedy; probably Mr. Chase has not exaggerated the shadows. Recalling man's record of stupidity, folly, predaceousness, and laziness, he is too honest to offer much reassurance. "Illusions we may have," says he, "but they are pierced with the stark arrows of the repeated helplessness of mankind before its destiny."

Essays and Criticism

AMERICAN HUSBANDS AND OTHER ALTERNATIVES. By Alexander Black. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

Life and letters, but chiefly life in some of its lighter aspects, discussed easily and agreeably in fifteen brief



Motorists need no bright headlights here. See the uniform brilliance in this night-time view—a beaming moon every hundred yards is focused on the road.

Beaming Moons

Atlantic City is not only "The World's Playground" but one of her busiest and best-lighted cities.

Thirty thousand motor cars, last Easter week-end, approached it via Pleasantville Boulevard. Yet so perfectly is this highway lighted that a 30-mile gait, any hour of the twenty-four, is not only legal but safe.

Atlantic City's lighting plan is a fine example of co-operation between city and country. Thoroughfares that attract motorists and pedestrians day and night benefit merchants and the public alike.

The magnificent lighting of Atlantic City Boulevard results not from extravagance but from research. The General Electric Company engineers who made it possible work constantly with public officials. Streets and highways everywhere, through their efforts, are better lighted and at low per capita cost.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

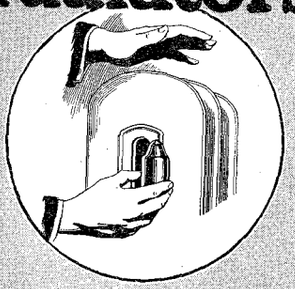
A good way to find just what you want—

READ THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

All sorts of attractive offers, and an especially valuable directory for travelers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to people with cold radiators



AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot*. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

AIRID
AIR VALVES
make cold radiators HOT

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
1811 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me a trial Airid (one only). Guaranteed 5 years. (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1.60.)
Name .....
Address .....

GOING TO TRAVEL?

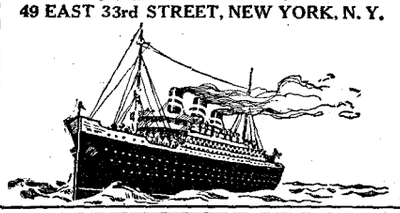
Then by all means refer to the travel section of Harper's Magazine—Every month you will find many alluring suggestions and the announcements of a large number of Tourist Agencies, Railroads, Steamship Lines, Resorts and Hotels.

Sailing Dates in Every Issue

For the convenience of our readers we will publish each *month* the sailing dates for Europe and other countries together with the dates of special tours and cruises.

Feel perfectly free to write us—Our *Travel Bureau* will gladly furnish any information desired.

Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 EAST 33rd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.



essays, diversified by occasional interesting criticism and reminiscence.

THE ARTS OF CHEATING, SWINDLING, AND MURDER. The Arnold Company, New York. $1.50.

This reprints, with an essay by the editor, Jesse Lee Bennett, "Maxims on the Popular Art of Cheating," by Bulwer-Lytton; "The Handbook of Swindling," by Douglas Jerrold; and De Quincey's two essays "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." But it omits the great postscript by De Quincey, describing the Williams murders. The editor would have done better to include this, and to have omitted his own heavy preface, in which he confuses war with murder and property with theft. Those ancient sophistries have never done a thing to advance the cause of peace or of economic justice. It is curious how many folk think that they can abolish war by gravely telling falsehoods about it.

EXPERIMENTS. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

The book contains essays on Poe and Lord Nelson; book reviews, of which some—as the one on Elinor Glyn—are decidedly amusing. There is the author's side of a bitter quarrel with D. H. Lawrence—alas, that the humorist who wrote "South Wind" should so far forget his humor as to think that he could make this quarrel interesting! There are other miscellaneous articles, but no powerful reason for the publication of the book itself, and some one should have advised author and publisher of this fact.

THE WRITING OF FICTION. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Would that all our budding tale-wrights and novel-mongers could be required to read this book! It might suggest to them that fine story-telling is not a trick or a trade, but an art, though it be, in Mrs. Wharton's words, "the newest, most fluid, and least formulated of the arts." "One is sometimes tempted to think," she says mildly, "that the generation which has invented the 'fiction course' is getting the fiction it deserves." This little study offers no short cuts or easy roads to high achievement in fiction. It lays down certain principles which govern the modern novel and short story, and then discusses a few matters of workmanship. From first to last it puts stress upon the responsibility of the artist both as craftsman and in his criticism of life—or, as she chooses to say, in his judgment on life: "There seems to be no escape from this obligation, except into a pathological world where the action, taking place between people of abnormal psychology, and not keeping time with our normal human rhythms, becomes an idiot's tale, signifying nothing."

So also, when we come to workmanship, Mrs. Wharton believes the first duty of the artist is to select and to control his materials. She therefore finds neither novelty nor merit in the "stream of consciousness" trick of our young novelists, who represent the normal mind as a mere mess of haphazard sensations and reactions never by any chance lapsing into thought. All the great artists, she says, have believed that "in the world of normal men life is conducted, at least in its decisive moments, on fairly coherent and selective lines." Therefore they have expressed "the stammerings and murmurings of the half-conscious mind whenever—and only when—such a state of mental flux fitted into the whole picture of the person portrayed."

Of the novelist's further discourse on the sources and beginnings of the modern novel, on its peculiar qualities, its technical aspects, and on the short story as a distinct form this word of comment can give no fair impression. The book offers much valuable information and suggestion for all serious students and readers of modern fiction.

History and Politics

TOLERANCE. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

This is a disappointing book, and the more so because it contains sufficient evidence that if Mr. Van Loon had taken more time and pains and had consulted the groundlings less and his august theme more he could have given us a very fine piece of work. What an opportunity missed! For could anything be more pat to the need of the age than an adequate discussion of tolerance? But such an achievement would require years of patient, delicate labor, and there's a kind of contagious madness in the air which drives your writer to produce at least one book a fortnight. As Mr. Van Loon has been badly "taken," we ought not to expect much. It is, then, cause of wonder and admiration that this book should be "worth while," and it is that decidedly.

Mr. Van Loon sketches the struggle between Tolerance and Intolerance from the first recorded appearance of Tolerance in the world until this our blessed day when Intolerance, completely recovered of his hard knocks from a succession of paladins of Tolerance, seems by way of administering the *coup de grâce* to the insolent intruder. For this is Mr. Van Loon's strong point; he is tolerant toward intolerance, humorously recognizing that in primitive stages of society intolerance is necessary to self-preservation. It is only in highly developed and harmoniously balanced societies that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tolerance may thrive. That essential point of the *harmonious balance* is very subtly developed in the two best chapters of the book, entitled "The Greeks" and "The Pure of Life." The World War, by throwing the world completely out of balance, has produced that terrific recrudescence of intolerance we are witnessing. A consequence of Mr. Van Loon's humorous tolerance toward intolerance is that when he really gives himself a loose rein and speaks his mind about the Innocents and the Calvins he is extremely effective, indeed devastating.

Really, it is, after all, a good deal of a book; for Mr. Van Loon is a humanist, a humorist, learned without pedantry, and master of a lucid style. Why, then, with these gifts and accomplishments, should he cheapen himself, make himself "a motley to the view," aping the pseudo-wit of the columnists, "goring his own thoughts," and descending to mere slang and downright silliness? It is a pathetic spectacle this, of a genuine humorist posing for a cheap wit.

A suggestion, Mr. Van Loon! Call in the issue, and write that book on Tolerance of which you are capable.

Miscellaneous

COAL: FACTS AND REMEDIES. By Edward T. Devine. The American Review Service Press, Bloomington, Ill.

Dr. Devine was a member of the United States Coal Commission of 1922–3. He gives us here, not a summary of the Commission's report, except in one chapter, but a readable, fair-minded, and sympathetic account of the industry from the mine to the house coal-bin—ownership, production, costs, working and living conditions, accidents, transportation, marketing, and profits. Finally he devotes many pages to careful consideration of what can be done in the way of remedy by owners, miners, operators, railroads, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the President, Congress, and "you and I." We wish that every member of Congress would read this book.

Notes on New Books

LETTERS TO KATIE. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Letters from the famous artist to a little girl, with many illustrations by his own hand.

THE LIFE OF HENRY B. WRIGHT. By George Stewart, Jr. The Association Press, New York. $3.

The life of a religious worker.

WAR AND PEACE. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

An edition in one volume.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS COURT TRIAL. Tennessee Evolution Case. The National Book Company, Cincinnati. $2.

This purports to be "a complete stenographic report of the famous court test of the Tennessee Anti-Evolution Act, at Dayton, July 10 to 21, 1925, including speeches and arguments of attorneys."

THE LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. By Mabel Wagnalls. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.50.

A biography of Anna Willis Wagnalls.

WHAT AND WHY IS MAN? By Richard La Rue Swain. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Discussions of God, of creation, of sin, of the fall of man, of Jesus, of prayer, and of human life.

THE HEALING EVANGEL. By A. J. Gayner Banks. The Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee. $2.

A study of Christian healing and the Gospel.

DOCTOR TRANSIT. By I. S. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

A novel dealing with the sexual transformation of a young married couple—the man becoming a woman, the woman a man. Pseudo-scientific, and as a story, in spite of its apparently sensational subject, it is rather dull.

HOOKED RUGS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. By Anna M. Laise Phillips. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

We were brought up to believe that it was wrong to hook rugs or any other form of property, but, in view of the number of respectable ladies writing books about hooked rugs, the ban must have been lifted. These moderns!

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

Essays from the "Atlantic Monthly" and elsewhere.

THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE. By David Masters. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Modern warfare against disease.

RUDE RURAL RHYMES. By Bob Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Poetry of the Walt Mason school. This, however, is printed as verse and not as prose, and it seems to lack Walt Mason's humor.

PRIAPUS AND THE POOL. By Conrad Aiken. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The title poem and some of the others contained herein were first published a number of years ago in a limited edition. The present volume contains twenty-one additional poems.

THE SHOW. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

A play in three acts, first produced in London in July, 1925.

THE MARVELS OF MODERN PHYSICS. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Chapters on matter, on the electron, on wireless, and on other recent discoveries.

THE RATIONAL THEORY OF MUSIC. By Sidney A. Reeve. Published by Sidney A. Reeve, New York.

THE HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. By Arthur Weigall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This is the first volume of a work by the late Inspector-General of Antiquities for the Egyptian Government. It covers the historic period before the first dynasty—that is, from about 5500 B.C., through the eleventh dynasty, ending about 2112 B.C.

CONTEMPORARY POLITICAL THOUGHT IN ENGLAND. By Lewis Rockow. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

By a member of the Faculty of Syracuse University. The book is a discussion of modern and sometimes radical political philosophers like Sydney Webb, Ramsay MacDonald, Laski, and Norman Angell.

BALCONY STORIES. By Grace King. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

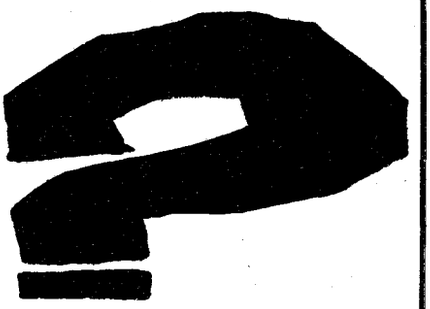
A new edition of this collection of stories of New Orleans. Always much enjoyed, this edition contains new stories.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, of a book first published about eight years ago.

PSYCHOLOGY OF LEADERSHIP. By Henry Edward Tralle. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

How to become a leader.



HAVE YOU A KNOCK IN YOUR ENGINE

You would not drive your car if there was a knock in the engine. You would want to find out what was the cause of the trouble.

Most drivers use a motometer or some signal device which tells them when the engine is becoming over-heated.

But most people neglect the most important piece of machinery in the world—the human body—and don't know when some trouble is developing which may result in serious illness.

Our system is the signal system which keeps watch over your physical condition and, when the laboratory analysis shows the first sign of "a knock in the engine," gives you that word of warning which is worth millions.

This service costs so little that you cannot afford to be without it.

The booklet which we will send you is well worth asking for. This coupon will bring it to you.

National Bureau of Analysis
F. G. SOULE, *President and Founder*
O. 126 Republic Bldg., CHICAGO

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ANALYSIS
O. 126 Republic Bldg., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: Please send me at once, free of charge, your health protection treatise, "The Span of Life."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Luxury Cruise to the
Mediterranean
PALESTINE EGYPT

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation — Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."

Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World Lands.

By the famous "ROTTERDAM"
5th Cruise
Leaving New York
February 2, 1926

Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S own management

The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register
37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

Sixty-seven Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the **Holy Land,** and **Egypt, Italy** and the **Riviera.** Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe.

Number of guests limited
Cost of cruise $900 up
American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

Illustrated folder "J" on request

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street, New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago Detroit Minneapolis St. Louis Atlanta, Ga. Seattle New Orleans San Francisco Mexico City Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

Or any authorized Steamship Agent

Wanted — Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook
120 East 16th Street **New York**

Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

Phonograph Records

A VICTORY BALL—FANTASY (Schelling). Played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by William Mengelberg. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

Ernest Schelling's symphonic poem, portraying a dance in celebration of victory, which is broken into by obsessions of war memories, is strikingly modern in thought and treatment. It is music that hurts. Its pungency at first repels. But after several hearings the dissonance becomes meaningful; the grotesque themes become more and more hauntingly beautiful. Frankly theatrical in its use of drum, tam-tam, and bugle, it is nevertheless inspiring as a commentary on the late war. Both the performance and the reproduction are good enough to make of it a living thing.

As a record it is also of interest as one of the few modern compositions available in disc form. Notable among others are Stravinsky's "Fire Bird Suite" (Victor) and Ravel's Septet (Columbia). For those who have not the opportunity to follow the newer trends in music through concerts such records as these are most enlightening.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL MELODY (Dvorák-Kreisler); **SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN—Paraphrase** (Arranged by Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

Kreisler again, with his ever warm and resonant tone! All objections to his "playing down" to audiences through the pieces he selects he overcomes by the expressiveness he puts into them. Instead of exploiting instrument and virtuoso by a show piece with a vacuity of musical ideas, he contents himself with putting new beauty into the simplest music. The "Negro Melody," a rearrangement of the slow movement of the "New World Symphony," is the better of the two selections. The piano accompaniment, though faint, is excellently orthophonic.

QUARTET IN E FLAT, Op. 74—Harp Quartet (Beethoven). Played by the Lener String Quartet of Budapest. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

With allowance for the fact that this set of records, like all the others recorded in England, are produced mechanically and lack the "high lights" in range and contrast of loudness and softness that mark the new electrically made records (this difference is to be noticed chiefly on the new machines), this performance of a typically Beethoven quartet is vivid and illuminating. The work itself is straightforward and melodious. Its title does not signify the presence of a harp; it refers to the beautiful plucked-string passages in the first movement that suggest a harp strongly.

QUARTET IN A MINOR, Op. 132 (Beethoven). Played by the Lener String Quartet of Budapest. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

One of Beethoven's very latest and most cryptic works. Its beauty becomes more evident in the latter half of the quartet. The third movement moves serenely and majestically like a great chorale, while the *finale* has a grandeur, a subtlety, and a clash of tones that is kindred to Bach. The composition is not of instant appeal, but when played over and over again grows in meaning and beauty.

SIEGFRIED IDYLL (Wagner). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. In four parts, on two records. Columbia.

Several months ago another British-made recording of the "Siegfried Idyll" was reveiewed by this department. Then it was Albert Coates who conducted. Unless a side-by-side comparison were made, it would be hard to judge between the two performances. The calm, soothing beauty of this apotheosis of the lullaby is the sort to make each last performance seem the best. There are some enchantingly delicate effects in it.

KUJAWIAK (Wieniawski); **HEJRE KATI** (Hubay). Played by Cecilia Hansen. Victor.

Cecilia Hansen has a warm, full tone and a virile violin technique. Both numbers are based on dance rhythms. Wieniawski's well-known mazurka contains an alternation of robust passages, featuring excellent plucked-string effects and eloquent melodic phrases.

MELODY (Gluck-Sgambati); **TURKISH MARCH** (Mozart). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor.

Two melodious numbers from a classical age played with great skill—but, at the same time, too mechanically—by Rachmaninoff. The piano sounds clearly and forcefully, but lacks the trueness of tone of the Kreisler accompaniments. Is it perhaps that the piano, when placed too near the recording microphone, loses the true tone-quality it has when recorded from a greater distance?

THE LOST CHORD (Sullivan). Played by Edward P. Kimball, Mormon Tabernacle Organ. **GREAT IS JEHOVAH** (Schubert-Parks). Sung by Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Victor.

Musically this record is not remarkable. It is interesting because it was recorded at Salt Lake City; the record

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gives a hint of the echoes of the great tabernacle, imparting to the music a different quality from that of studio-made music.

Piano Rolls

CAPRICE ESPAGNOL (Moszkowski). Played by Josef Hofmann. Duo-Art.

As might be expected when a Russian writes something Spanish, the "Caprice" abounds in exciting rhythms. It is a show piece—and is musically interesting as well. Hofmann plays it with fiery technique. We cannot recall any other piano roll that shows so clearly the playing of a masterful pianist.

SAKUNTALA OVERTURE (Goldmark). Played by Milton Suskind and Julius Buerger, conducted by Artur Bodanzky. In two rolls. Ampico.

Here is a wholly enjoyable transcription of orchestral music. Bodanzky crams the interpretation full of orchestral feeling. By skillful technique, the performers have "depianized" the piano, and for the moment the listener forgets the lack of instrumental color and feels himself in the presence of a full orchestra. The music itself is interesting; it has both lyric charm and a dramatic intensity akin to Beethoven.

EIGHT VARIATIONS ON THE THEME "TANDELN UND SCHERZEN" (Beethoven). Played by Ethel Leginska. Duo-Art.

Miss Leginska's crisp, sharp playing is a pleasure to hear in Beethoven. The composition is uneven in interest, but at times is Beethoven as we should like to have him always.

BALLADE, Op. 52, No. 4 (Chopin). Played by Julius Chaloff. Ampico.
NOCTURNE, Op. 37, No. 1 (Chopin). Played by Ignaz Friedman. Duo-Art.

Both are orthodox Chopin interpretations. The "Ballade" is diffused with wistfulness, and is less banal than most of the oft-aped Chopin sounds to our ears to-day. The "Nocturne" is distinguished by its chorale-like passage of religious fervor.

Why Great Composers Have Died Poor

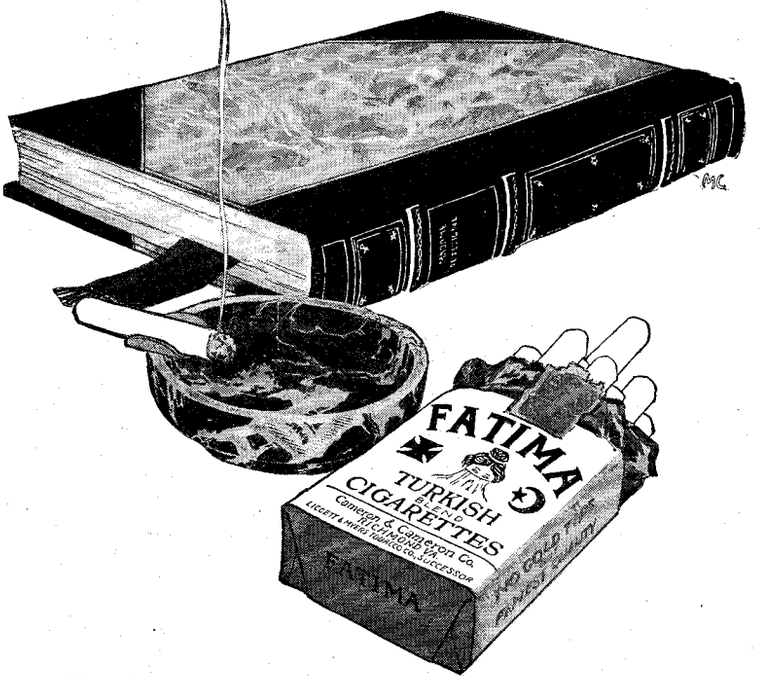
By Theodore Stearns

If the hidden lives of most great composers were written, there would be many a Hans Andersen fairy story found, and, by the same token, the general public would probably have difficulty in understanding why these men suffered so.

The enormous thought necessary and the titanic physical toil expended by a Bach, a Beethoven, a Wagner, or a

"A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima *what a whale of a difference just a few cents make*



WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW CENTS MAKE

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

BETTER HELP

You can secure it through the "Help Wanted" section of The Outlook. The rate is low and you will be delighted with the results.

10c a word; 25c for the use of a box number if you wish replies forwarded from The Outlook office.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK 120 East 16th Street, New York

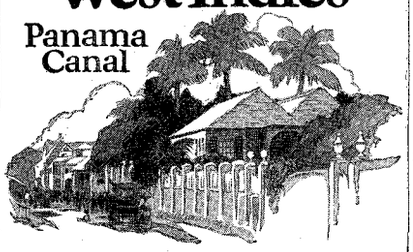
In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUXURY CRUISE

West Indies

Panama Canal



Four happy weeks away from winter—Restfully cruising seas warmed by tropical heavens on a ship of luxurious comforts.

Visits to colorful islands—Marvelously stimulating scenery—The refreshing strangeness of old West Indies civilization and manners.

ITINERARY—Havana, Kingston, Colon (Panama), Cartagena, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan, Bermuda.

The "*Veendam*"

of 25,620 tons displacement

Leaving New York **Feb. 18** 1926

Enjoys universal prestige for the unexcelled luxury and comforts of her appointments, for her superlative cuisine, and for the exceptional character of service and management on board. Under the management of the HOLLAND AMERICA LINE in co-operation with the FRANK TOURIST COMPANY.

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations now

Rate $350 up including all shore excursions

Write for illustrated folder

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street New York
FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Avenue, New York
Or any authorized Steamship Agent

You Can Manage a Tea Room

Fortunes are being made in Tea Rooms, Motor Inns and Coffee Shops everywhere. You can open one in your own home—and make money hand over fist, or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We teach you entire business in your spare time. Write for Free Book "Pouring Tea For Profits" LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE, Dept. N5828 Washington, D.C.

We're Not the Only Ones

who know what a rich and varied store of experience and advice there is in the Hotel and Travel Bureau. An inquirer tells us: "The envelope containing your very helpful circulars arrived this morning. The whole affair is so full of interesting suggestions and surprises that I want to thank you for the pains, time, and sympathy evidenced by your answer to my inquiry."

That's what each inquirer receives—a complete answer to questions and that *something more*—suggestions and individual interest.

What's your next trip? Let the Travel Bureau take care of the bothersome details for you, or answer those little questions that will come up.

At your service without charge

Hotel and Travel Bureau

THE OUTLOOK

120 East 16th Street New York

Franz Schubert in giving to the world his symphonies, operas, and songs brought these great creators of melody undying fame but very little money. Although they toiled with the day-and-night persistency of a Burbank or an Edison, their brain work, strictly speaking, did not pay.

Up to the day of his death Richard Wagner was practically supported by his friends. Schubert died in poverty, and Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave. Beethoven, quite true, left a small legacy, but his case was an exception. As a matter of fact, Mendelssohn was the only composer who lived and died untroubled by the wolf at the door, but this was because he was the son of well-to-do parents. Like Washington Irving, he never had to write for his bread.

With these two general exceptions, our great music of the last two centuries was conceived in poverty, reared in struggle and heart-breaking disappointments. Most of its creators died not knowing that their music was going to live. When the opera "Carmen" was first produced, it was a failure, and its composer, Bizet, died a broken-hearted man.

Classical music is sold everywhere, and for fifty years here in America symphonies, grand operas, and concerts have been largely attended; but it has been the publisher, the singer, and the instrumentalist who have taken in the money—seldom, if ever, the composer.

The reason for this begins to be plain when one realizes that the writer of a great symphony or an opera is a good deal like an inventor. He is a highly specialized man, usually in only one line. His creations, from the point of their conception to the last note on their final pages, have engrossed his entire thought and time. His life-work is to take "the stuff that dreams are made of" and put it down in black and white. He catches his inspiration out of thin air and transcribes it, with his technical knowledge of musical theory, onto paper, that the eyes of others may read and the stranger artist play or sing. But until the composition is finally complete it is not a bankable proposition.

Unlike the novelist, the composer cannot dictate his thought to a trained stenographer or typewriter. Unlike the painter or sculptor, he cannot place his finished product against a wall and say: "There it is. Look at it. How do you like it?" The musical composition must be played—it must be heard. The composer cannot very well carry a symphony orchestra or a grand opera company around with him; consequently his product, for the most part, must be accepted on faith.

There are no general arrangements in this world for paying a composer a salary during the time spent on working out his brain creations. Kings and countesses used to subsidize composers so that they might compose in peace; occasionally rich music patrons have done the same thing for young students, but almost never for composers.

Without a bank account, therefore, the man who starts in to spend all his time in writing music is a self-confessed bankrupt, according to all business standards. He is bound to be. He has to live, it is presumed; therefore, without outside financial assistance, he runs into debt. Your real composer cannot help composing. That's the tragic part of it.

It is all very well to say: "Why not take a job as a salesman and spend the evenings in composition?" Right there, however, the hitch occurs. The man who can give the world a great opera or a great symphony can no more mix business with his creative inspiration than he can stir oil into water. There are no business offices up in the sky. A bird may either fly or walk, but it cannot do both at the same time.

Regarding the purely mechanical labor required in composition, take the full score of "Butterfly," for instance, or "Tannhäuser." In each of these scores there are easily over one million notes and musical notations. Take a pencil and start making just dots on a piece of paper. Do it as fast as you can. How far can you keep up the count?

Roughly speaking, the time necessary to complete an opera is from two to three years. Debussy spent six years on his "Pelleas et Melisande." Now Puccini and Wagner and Debussy had practically to engrave their final full scores, so that, somewhat like a double-entry ledger, they were legible, understandable to other musicians, and without flaw. But, unlike the commercial engraver, these composers drew no salary while doing this. They simply took chances on getting some returns on this labor later on, after the work was produced.

The most startling thing of all is that the inspired modern composer of to-day is facing the same handicaps that faced Schubert, Wagner, and Mozart. One reasons, Why compose at all? The answer to that is that real composers can't help composing. If the world calls them inspired freaks, that is probably the fault of the world, not of the man who composes. Grand-opera performances and concert halls continue to be crowded, and it is natural that musical literature must be added to as time goes on. Meanwhile the composer is the goat, and very unjustly so.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

INCLUDING

HOTELS — TRAVEL

Real Estate, Hotels and Resorts, Tours and Travel, etc. — *60c. per line, single column*

Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, Miscellaneous, etc. — *10c. per word Box number 25c.*

Copy for this section must be received at least nine days before date of insertion

Tours and Travel

CLARK'S 6th CRUISE

AROUND THE WORLD

128 DAYS, $1,250 to $3,000

Including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc.

From N. Y. Jan. 20, from Los Angeles Feb. 5, by specially chartered Cunard new s s "Laconia," 20,000 tons. Featuring 26 days Japan and China including Peking; option 18 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, etc., with Europe stop over.

CLARK'S 22d CRUISE, Jan. 30

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

By specially chartered new s s "Transylvania," 17,000 tons. 62 days' cruise, $600 to $1,700 including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc. Featuring 15 days in Egypt and Palestine; Lisbon, Tunis, Spain, etc.

CLARK'S 2d CRUISE, 1926

NORWAY and WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

New s s "Lancastria" leaves June 30 repeating this summer's most successful cruise, 53 days. $550 to $1,250.

Originator of Round the World Cruises. Longest experienced cruise management. Established 30 years.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE TRAVEL STUDY 1926

Conducted Parties. Independent Tours Motor Tours. Select Service. Lowest Rates

EGYPT—PALESTINE—ITALY

Feb. 20 & Mar. 31. 84 days. $1395, all expenses

STRATFORD TOURS 452 Fifth Ave., New York

IDEAL TOUR of EUROPE

SMALL PRIVATE PARTY

RESER TOURS, 171 S. OXFORD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EUROPE—1926

Vacation Tours—Popular Tours. Conducted and Independent Travel. Unusual Itineraries.

PIERCE TOURIST COMPANY
331 Madison Ave., New York

EARN FREE TOUR TO EUROPE

Tour prices reasonable. Write for particulars to EDUCATIONAL TOURS, Inc., 59 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Go to Europe at Our Expense

Special inducements to party organizers.

GORDON TOURS (28) Fort Wayne, Ind.

Seven Summer Tours TO EUROPE AND MEDITERRANEAN

$490 up. Naples to Edinburgh. Gibraltar. Africa (Tunis, Carthage). Vienna. Berlin. *28th year. Illustrated Red Book with Maps.*

The Johnson Tours, 210 E. Preston St., Baltimore

College Organizers Wanted. Student or teacher in each college. Also conductors and chaperons. Co-operative College Tours, 5-10 weeks, $275-$690. Free trip and bonus. ECONOMY TOURS, Box 172, Wellesley, Mass.

Earn Your Trip to EUROPE by securing five members for one of my tours. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, Inc., East Orange, N. J.

EARN YOUR EUROPEAN TRIP by organizing a small party. Write for particulars to **STRATFORD TOURS, 452 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

—SPRING TOURS—

NORTH AFRICA, SPAIN, FRANCE

Sailing February 20 and March 6

Sicily, Greece, Italy, Switzerland

Sailing March 23

ITALY

Switzerland, France, England

Sailing April 10 and 24

Limited parties. Early application necessary.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

Real Estate

Canada

Less Than $1 Per Acre

4½ acres on Georgian Bay	$40.50
12½ acres fur farm	$43.20
25 acres hunting camp site	$60.30
50 acres Muskoka Lake District	$63.00
100 acres hunting and trapping	$91.80
160 acres farm Canadian West	$315.00
Mining claim near mines that have paid millions	$378.00

The very desirable properties listed above are being seized and sold for taxes, together with hundreds of other equally choice parcels of land at merely nominal prices. Many of them could not be bought in the ordinary way at ten times the price. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps for moose, deer, caribou, ducks, partridge, trout, whitefish, bass, etc. Summer homes, heavily wooded lands, for pleasure and investment. Easy monthly payments of $5 upwards. Send for free illustrated list, with complete explanations. Send no money, but send for list today, so you will get first choice.

TAX SALES SERVICE
Room 619 72 Queen Street W.
Toronto 2, Ontario, Can.

Florida

FOR SALE—Suburban Site in line of real developments. Write M. B. M., Avon Park, Fla., R. F. D. No. 2.

New Hampshire

In Famous Sunapee Region

Camp, almost 10 acres, 1,200 feet on wooded shore. Well equipped; accommodations for 40. 4,657, Outlook.

South Carolina

SALE, attractive furnished home, CAMDEN, S. C.

$8,500. Address SEELYE, Camden, S. C.

Hotels and Resorts

Bermuda

PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

(Now open)

Old established clientele
All recreational features
For booklet and reservations, apply
L. A. TWOROGER CO.
or any tourist and travel bureau
Cable address: Princess Bermuda

California

San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara

Unharmed by Earthquake

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Two miles from ocean and country club, six miles from Santa Barbara. Booklet. Address

Manager San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara

District of Columbia

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.

ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL.
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

Florida

Skies are always sunny in the Sunshine City. Only 82 sunless days in 15 years. And there's all kind of fun for every sunny day. Swimming, boating, or fishing in the Gulf and Tampa Bay. Golf, tennis, lawn bowling, and every outdoor sport. Big League Baseball. Daily band concerts. Splendid accommodations.

For booklet address
H. M. Dillman
Chamber of Commerce

St. Petersburg Florida
The Sunshine City

Qui-Si-Sana and New St. Elmo

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLA.

On beautiful St. John's River, 30 miles south of Jacksonville. Famous warm sulphur spring, golf and all sports. Every comfort at most moderate cost. Special rates by week or season. Folder O, describing both hotels, on request.

Italy

TAORMINA (Sicily)

THE EXCELSIOR GRAND HOTEL

Superior first class order

Massachusetts

Enjoy this winter at

The WELDON

GREENFIELD, MASS.

Just the place for a rest in the country

Winter sports featured. Excellent cuisine

Orchestra every evening

Winter booklet and special rates

J. Tennyson Seller, Mgr.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.

SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

North Carolina

WHITE HOUSE INN

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Near Country Club. An all year guest house and tea room catering to the needs of those who desire the refined atmosphere and home cooking of a home rather than that of a large hotel. For reservations write Mrs. E. C. EHLE, 26 Edgemont Road, Asheville, N. C.

Tryon, North Carolina

Accommodations in private family for few guests. Rates on request. 4,653, Outlook.

South Carolina

—CHARLESTON, S. C.—

Where the charm of Yesteryear Blends with the vivid Life of Today

Fort Sumter Hotel

Newest and Finest

Superbly located on "Battery," overlooking gardens, harbor, and ocean. Accommodates 350. Every room with bath. Nearness of Gulf Stream gives unmatched climate. Write for Illustrated Booklet, "*Charleston, Historic City of the Old South.*"

WILLARD A. SENNA, Mgr.

Virginia

COUNTRY BOARD Near Charlottesville. Open all the year. City references. Modern conveniences. On State highway. Miss SMITH, Shadwell, Va.

Instruction

Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

For A Mart of the Unusual and other classified advertisements see next page

In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mart of the Unusual

PERSIAN SHAWL, $900

Excellent condition. General color tone, soft terra cotta red; black center with embroidered signature, border complete. Examination arranged. Write SARAH M. HIBBARD, 714 West Colonial Drive, Orlando, Fla.

Miss Horton's Home-Made SCOTCH CAKE

Always an acceptable gift. Keeps well and ships well. 3-lb. cake, $3.55, prepaid.
612 Lake Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
A unique and fascinating cake.

Florida Citrus Fruit direct to Consumer

Trial quarter box oranges or grapefruit $2.50, or tangerines $3.25; delivery charges paid East of Mississippi River. Season price list on request. S. L. MITCHILL, Mount Dora, Fla.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY, 200 single sheets, 100 envelopes, postpaid $1.00, west of Mississippi River $1.10. White bond paper, blue ink, top center only. Cash with order. RUE PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

PERSONAL stationery—200 6 x 7 or 100 folded sheets, 100 envelopes, mailed for $1.00. Hammermill or Atlantic Bond. Hicks, Stationer, Macedon Center, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. We secure position for you after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. *Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women.* Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite N-5842, Washington, D. C.

LECTURERS: Clergy who can speak on current events and who would be interested *in several engagements each month in the* churches of their State. Good payment. State qualifications in first letter. 6,573, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AN English woman, now engaged as companion, wants a similar position or one as housekeeper; speaks French and German. Will travel. Address Miss Bligh, 5930 City Line Ave., Overbrook, Philadelphia.

CAPABLE, refined lady desires position as companion or mother's helper. Best references. 6,602, Outlook.

CAPABLE, refined young woman, fond of children, as mother's assistant. Willing to assist with sewing and light household duties. 6,612, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED young woman, speaking French, German, English, seeks position as governess, traveling companion, or housekeeper. Excellent references. Josephine Dossenbach, Box B, Leonia, N. J.

NURSE, capable, refined, desires position with invalid. Excellent recommendations. Willing to travel or go country. 6,597, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires position as companion or governess. Used to travel. Able to take charge of correspondence; good voice for reading; genial; adaptable. References. Refined home wanted more than high salary. 6,606, Outlook.

WANTED, by Canadian university graduate, position as governess or teacher. 6,611, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper, Protestant, good manager, wants entire charge for one in family in Philadelphia. 6,604, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 6,298, Outlook.

CANADIAN, woman, going South for winter with small daughter and maid, will take in charge another child or young girl. Strictest personal references must be given. 6,603, Outlook.

By the Way

FOUR years ago there were fifty popular story magazines. To-day there are over three hundred. Unfortunately, many of them are of the confession-tale group and have warranted the label of "Gutter Literature" which has been given them. Book publication has also increased in volume. There are now printed an average of twenty books per day, compared to the average of six per day four years ago.

The "Arkansas Gazette" wonders if the magazines one finds in the dentist's waiting-room are put there to indicate how long the dentist has been practicing.

Press items of the week tell us that every ten persons engaged in private business and industry in the United States are supporting an eleventh who is totally dependent upon public funds. . . . Billy Sunday is reported as having received $18,500 for his share of the offerings at a recent six weeks' evangelistic campaign in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. . . . The troubles of a Newark, New Jersey, theater owner with his union spot-light operator are chronicled. He asked the spot-light man to stay an extra hour for a rehearsal. The regular rate of payment is $2 per hour. The operator replied that he would have to charge the union rate for the extra hour—that rate being $11.66. In the same theater the orchestra were asked to wear velvet coats provided by the management. They donned the coats, but stated that it would mean a payment of $5 more per man each week. . . . A new excuse for the busy office man has been invented. Instead of replying, "He's in a conference," a young lady secretary in Wall Street coined a new "turn-away" phrase, "He's in a temper."

It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but one can scatter it all over the landscape.

Kid McCoy, ex-pugilist, received serious newspaper publicity for his claim that the Volstead Act is a force for evil because it has forced many women "who used to grab their weekly expense money from a tipsy husband's pocket to go to work." . . . Prohibition enforcement agents in San Francisco were fooled recently by the rum-runners' subterfuge of smuggling in real liquor when supposedly posing for a motion picture of a ship unloading "prop" cases of liquor. The Federal agents turned the tables the next week by staging a fake moving-picture scene in the main street of Watsonville, California. While the merchants were enticed from their stores by the shouts of the film director to the supposed actors, the sleuths entered every store and found large supplies of liquor in four of them. . . . The booze stream continues to flow into San Francisco, however. Ned Greene, the leading enforcement agent, had been puzzled by the smiling countenances of the rum-runners when boat-loads of contraband were seized. He understood their unconcern when he found *liquor insurance* papers in the pocket of one of the men captured. The boat and contents were insured for a safe landing and at a surprisingly low rate. It is said that the very small percentage of captures along the coast has led to the very nominal premium rates for the insured. Mr. Greene has asked Washington to pass upon the legality of this insurance.

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"

"I did, madam; but, as he rang three times and got no answer, my man decided there was nobody home."

Movie items of the week include the announcement of a film called "Her Husband" starring Count Salm, husband of Millicent Rogers, and the report of the return to the films of Theda Bara, former screen "vamp." She will now appear in two-reel comedy features. Up to the time of this writing no humor has been seen in the fact that her comedy director will be Richard Wallace, formerly an undertaker.

A new trade trick is reported in the "New Yorker." An automobile purchaser decides on an expensive club coupé, but hesitates at the prospect of paying the full list price for it. A thought occurs to him. He visits a second-hand auto shop and pays $100 for the most decrepit motor he can find. He then goes back for his club coupé and is granted a turn-in allowance of $475 for his *old* car.

United States Attorney Buckner tells a story about a Unitarian minister who, when asked to whom he addresses his prayers, replied, "To Whom It May Concern."

Here is another riddle. The answer will be printed next week:

In my first my second sat,
My third and fourth I ate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED